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LIFE'S PRIZE.

BY C. T.

There's a prize for all who stand
Stout of heart and firm of hand,
In the middle of the strife,
Making noble use of life.

Think not sloth will bring you gain—
Idle lives are lived in vain;
Work is profit—work alone
Wins the prize we long to own.

Labor on with purpose true,
Labor nobly, so that you,
When the battle here is done,
Heaven's bounty shall have won.

Shadowed by Fate.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE BERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

THE DAWN CAME and the morning broke brightly; the great house began to stir with the life of a new day, the dogs barked in the stable yard, the peacocks strutted up and down the terrace, and shrieked their invocation to the sun, but all was still and quiet in the room of the master.

Felice, going into her beloved mistress' room, found Iris lying asleep, her head upon her arm, a strange look of vague trouble and sadness on her face.

The woman bent over her and smoothed the dark hair from the white forehead, but gentle as was the touch, Iris awoke.

"What is it? What is the matter?" she said in a voice of alarm. "Oh, it is you Felice?" and she drew a sigh of relief

"Yes, it is I; did I frighten the signorina?" she said with self reproach.

"No! No!" said Iris. "But—I think I must have been dreaming. I have been dreaming all night, Felice," and she shuddered faintly.

"The signorina looks tired and pale," said Felice; "wont you rest longer, Miss Iris?"

"No," replied Iris; "I shall be all right when I get up and have had my bath. I can't think why I should dream so horribly. Has Lafont called papa yet?—is he up?"

Lafont was the squire's valet.

"Monsieur Lafont went to call Mr. Knighton," answered Felice, "but he was asleep, and Lafont left him."

"That was right," said Iris. "Poor papa! He looked tired and ill last night. Tell Lafont that he is not to go to his room without his master sends for him."

Felice went about her message, and Iris proceeded with her dressing.

Her dreams had not all been horrible ones, for now and again Heron Coverdale had crossed the path of her mental vision.

Now, as she stood looking out of the window towards the Holt, she wished that she could tell her father of her meeting with the enemy of their house; she had never concealed anything from him, and the secret of her meeting with Heron Coverdale weighed upon her,

She would tell him all after breakfast, and ask him why the feud which had existed so long should not cease.

Who knew? Perhaps she might be the means of making peace between the two races! and at the thought a soft flush stole over her face.

Felice came back, and in silence finished her mistress's toilet, and Iris, picking up a wide brimmed hat, went down into the hall.

The sun was pouring through the glass door leading to the walled garden, and knowing that it would be warmer there than on the terrace, she opened the door and stepped into the enclosure.

It was a charming little spot, with its square, old fashioned lawn, and its four flower-beds, and Iris picked a bunch of forget-me nots and primroses for the breakfast table: they were favorite flowers of the squire's.

As she was rising from stooping over the bed, she was almost startled by the sight of Signor Ricardo's face looking out at her through the glass door. He looked paler than usual, and though he smiled and showed his teeth, as her eyes met his, it was rather a forced smile.

In another moment he came across the lawn towards her, treading on the tips of his patent-leather boots.

It was the first time they had been alone together, and Iris, remembering her father's injunctions and his evident dislike to the Signor, gave him rather a cool response to his effusive greeting.

"Ah, Miss Iris!" he exclaimed, fixing his dark eyes on her. "Aurora, goddess of the morning, tending her flowers——"

"You mean Flora," said Iris forcing a smile.

"I mean all the goddesses combined in one charming divinity!" he corrected her, with a bow and a wave of his white, supple hand. "What a charming little spot!" and he looked around with a bland air of admiration.

"It is pretty," said Iris arranging her simple bouquet, and moving towards the door.

"It is exquisite. So reposeful in its quietude and solitude. Surely, this is a favorite part of the grounds with you, Miss Iris?"

"Yes," she admitted. "It is my own special little garden, signor."

"Soh! You keep it for yourself exclusively, is not that it?"

"Oh, no!" replied Iris, with a smile at so selfish an idea. "Anyone is free to come here——"

"I am glad; a horrible idea was seizing me that I was intruding!"

"Indeed, you are not," said Iris. "Pray come whenever you please. Have you not been here before?"

The signor shook his head.

"No! I did not know of it until I saw you through the door there. But I shall come—yes, often! Not many people do come here, I suppose? It looks so quiet and—what do you call it?—unfrequented."

"No; I don't think many people do come into this walled garden," said Iris. "It is not so bright and cheerful as the terrace and the lawns."

"It is too quiet and melancholy!" said the signor, with an air of satisfaction. "That is the world all over! It likes gaiety and color, and brightness; it is only divine spirits like your own, Miss Iris, who love the shade and the seclusion!"

"Oh, but there is plenty of sun here," said Iris. "Do you not see the dial?" and she pointed to it with her posy.

The signor regarded it with curious interest.

"Soh! Ah, yes; the dial! I did not notice it. It is a pretty object; and you can tell the hour of the day by it?"

"Yes," said Iris going up to it; "and unlike a watch, it never wants winding up—"

"Or cleaning?" put in the signor interrogatively? It is never disturbed, your dial, Miss Iris?"

"Oh, never!" said Iris, smiling at the idea. "It has been there ever since the house was built, and my father would not think of having it removed."

"That is right!" said the signor in accents of strong approval, "Such old antiquities should never be moved; it is—what do you call it?—sacrilege! If this beautiful little garden belonged to me, as it belongs to you, I would not let anyone come into it but my special friends. And as for the gardener, I would say, 'My friend, cut your grass and grow your flowers, but do not move, do not alter, the arrangement of anything. Respect age and historic associations!'"

Iris smiled at the high-flown language.

"I understand what you mean, signor," she said. "There is no danger from our gardener; he is quite as fond of the walled garden as I am, and would not think of introducing any improvements."

The signor nodded again with approval and satisfaction.

"It is a charming place!" he said. "Shall I not carry your flowers for you?"

But Iris declined his offer, and carried her bouquet into the breakfast room, the signor following her.

The table was laid, the butler and footmen hovering about; and after arranging the flowers in a vase, Iris took her seat opposite the urn.

The signor softly hummed a little air and rubbed his hands.

"Mr. Knighton,—is he not down?" he said in a tone of surprise.

"My father is not up yet," said Iris. "He was very tired last night, and not well, I am afraid. I have told his valet not to disturb him," and she sighed.

"Soh! I am sorry!" murmured the signor. "Yes, I do remember that he did not seem well. It is the weather; these cold winds and hot sun, they are trying and dangerous. I myself feel upset!" And Iris, looking at him as he spoke, saw that the pallor which she had noticed was more marked than it had been in the garden. "The English climate," he went on, as he took his place, "is, with all its charming varieties, rather perfidious. Tut, tut! I am sorry my friend, your father, is not well! Yes, I myself noticed that he seemed pale and—what shall I say?—worried. Is it not so?"

Iris sighed.

It was quite true; and yet, what could there be to worry her father into an illness?

"Do you think it would be well to send for the doctor?" suggested the signor.

Iris started, and turned pale at the idea.

"Oh, no, no! You don't think my father is really ill?" she said with quick apprehension. "He is only tired, and—and has overslept himself!"

"Yes, yes! No doubt that is it!" assented the signor hastily, as if he regretted having mentioned the doctor. "As you say, he is only tired; he will be down directly, no doubt, and will laugh at us for our fears!" and the signor laughed himself, but in so mirthless a fashion that Iris looked at him with a vague feeling of awe and dread.

A strange heaviness weighed upon her! the house seemed unusually quiet; the servants seemed to move about with even less than their usual sounds. She could eat nothing, and made pretence with a piece of toast and her cup of coffee that the signor might not be embarrassed. But Signor Ricardo's appetite seemed anything but in its usual robust condition, and Iris noticed that his hand shook as he raised his coffee cup to his lips so that the spoon rattled in the saucer.

"I think it is cold this morning," he said as if in explanation. "Your pretty flowers must thank you for bringing them into this warm room, Miss Iris."

The butler brought the post-bag and laid it beside the squire's plate.

"We shall have to wait for our letters this morning, Signor Ricardo!" said Iris with a faint smile. "My father has the key of the bag on his bunch"

The signor set down his knife and fork suddenly, then smiled and nodded.

"As for me, the delay is nothing!" he said cheerfully. "I do not expect any letters; my friends are bad correspondents. But, see! I think the bag is unlocked," he added:

Iris took it up. It was unfastened.

"The post mistress must have forgotten to lock it," she said; "she does so sometimes. My father keeps one key and she the other."

"I understand," said the signor.

Iris turned over the letters.

"There is one for you, Signor Ricardo," she said.

The signor looked astonished; then shrugged his shoulders and smiled as the butler brought the letter round to him.

"Soh! My friends have not forgotten me," he said pleasantly. "I wonder who it is from? My good friend the Count of Vichio I expect. He is at the court of my king, Miss Iris, where I am well-known, and—dare I say it?—of some slight consequence!"

He opened the letter as he spoke, and his face grew whiter as he read.

"Yes," he said, "it is from my dear friend, the count! He wishes me to return; he is good enough to say that poor Baptiste Ricardo is missed by his gracious majesty. But, no, dear count, much as I would like to see you, I cannot tear myself away from this most charming spot and my dear old friend, your father, Miss Iris."

The count, whatever his influence at court was very sparing both of his stationery and his words, for the letter contained one sentence only, and was written on half a sheet of rather dirty note paper.

"Baptiste, have a care: the hawks are on the wing!—A friend."

But, ominous as the sentence was, the signor smiled and nodded over it, and put it away in his pocket with an air of pleasure and gratification.

"How delightful it is to hear from one's friends!" he murmured pleasantly. "How welcome is the idle gossip about the places and the people one knows far away. The count is an excellent writer, excellent!"

The door opened as he was expatiating on the epistolary merits of the fictitious count, and the signor started.

But it was only the head groom presenting himself as usual for orders.

"Your master is not down yet, Fenn," said Iris. "Signor Ricardo will you have a horse or a carriage to day?"

An ardent, burning desire seized upon Ricardo to say "Yes!" to ride or drive away from the place for the next twenty-four hours, but he suppressed it.

"Thanks, my dear young lady; but I will wait until—until my good friend your father, comes down. He may have some plans for me."

Fenn bowed and withdrew, and the breakfast proceeded. Iris sat with a sad look in her eyes, a vague sense of ill and misfortune oppressing her.

"I—I think I will go up and see if my father is awake," she murmured more to herself than to the signor; but he heard her and rose with a sadness that seemed unasked for.

"For heaven's sake!" he exclaimed—"I mean, would it be well to wake him?" he broke off suddenly. "There is nothing like a good sleep for the weariness my friend is suffering from."

"But it is getting late!" said Iris, still more to herself than to him. "I—I think I will go up to him."

"Pardon," said the signor, softly laying his hand upon her arm. "Allow me to go."

"But why should you go?" said Iris, opening her eyes.

"I—I—" stammered the signor. "Oh, it was merely to save you the trouble of ascending the stairs, my dear young lady."

Iris smiled half sadly.

"That is not much trouble," she said absently. "But I think, after all, I will not go—yet."

"Quite right,—quite right!" said the signor approvingly, and furtively wiped his forehead; "it is not wise to break a man's sleep when he has reached the age of my dear friend, your father."

"But my father is not old!" said Iris, half amused, half annoyed by the signor's solicitude. "He is only middle-aged, Signor Ricardo."

"True, true," he admitted; "but still——"

He stopped abruptly, for the door opened and Felice entered.

She did not even glance at the signor, who started and turned away as she entered, but walked straight up to Iris.

"Will the signorina come up to her room with me?" she said.

Iris looked at her with faint surprise.

"Come upstairs? Why, Felice?" she asked.

"I have something to say to the signorina," said the woman.

Her face was very pale, and her eyes so completely covered by their lids that nothing of the pupil could be seen. Her manner, too, was marked by a deep, set constraint, which made her voice utterly expressionless and mechanic.

"Is anything the matter?" said Iris, her hand going to her heart.

"No, no!" said Felice quickly, but still in the same dull, machanical manner. "Come with me, miss?"

"I—I am sure something is the matter!" said Iris. "Of course I will come with you."

As she moved to the door, Felice drew back to let her pass, and then gave one direct searching and threatening glance at the signor.

He met her eyes with a stolid stare, then shrugged his shoulders and turned to the window.

Five, ten minutes passed, then there came the sound of hurrying feet, and voices speading in sharp accents of alarm and terror. The signor, standing alone by the window, shook like a leaf.

"Peste!" he hissed between his teeth. "They have found him!"

The next moment Lafont, the valet, burst into the room.

"For Heaven's sake, signor!" he exclaimed, "come at once! at once!—my master——" he stopped, panting, and pointed to the ceiling.

The signor struck an attitude of astonishment.

"What do you say?" he said. "What has happened?—your master——"

"Heaven help us!" said the terrified man. "My master, Mr. Knighton, is dead, sir!"

Signor Ricardo had been waiting for it all the morning, but when the word was uttered it struck him almost as if he had not known it already.

"Dead!" he exclaimed, and the terror that shone in his white face and staring eyes might well have been mistaken by the servant for surprise. "Dead!"

"Yes, sir! For Heaven's sake, come upstairs! I—I was the first to find him? I—I went in to call him, not liking that he should lie so long; he was always up so early, signor, and—and not hearing him, I—I went in. The door was always unlocked, sir, and—and I saw him on the bed as he lies now—dead, stone dead! my poor master!" and the tears sprang into his eyes.

The signor grasped him by the arm.

"You—you say you found him," he hissed; "he—he was lying quiet and—and peaceful as if he slept?"

"As if he slept!" echoed the man, "you can come and see him now, signor!—I did not touch him! I saw at once that it was all over."

"Where is the doctor?" demanded Ricardo.

"I have sent for him, sir," said the man; "I sent for him as I came down stairs. Oh, my poor master! my poor young mistress!"

"Your young mistress! Ah, yes!" murmured the signor, "she is indeed your young mistress now! All this is hers—hers now of a surety!"

The man looked at him half amazed and half indignant.

"Who thinks of such things now?" he said. "Poor, dear young lady! It will kill her. Come upstairs, sir!"

Reluctantly, and with a very white face, the signor followed Lafont upstairs, and the two entered the still chamber.

There lay Godfrey Knighton of the Revels, last night lord of the manor of Beverly, now lord only of six feet of mother earth!

Kneeling by the bed with her cheek lying on the cold hand was Iris, her eyes fixed with dazed horror on the white, still face; beside her, her hand resting on the girl's head in an attitude of loving protection and devotion, stood Felice.

All about the house there arose a dull hushed murmur and stir, but in that chamber peace reigned triumphant.

The signor advanced on tiptoe, his eyes carefully avoiding the dead man's face; but Felice heard the step, and raising her hand she stopped him with a gesture and pointed to the door.

The signor hesitated not a second, but, pressing his hands to his eyes as if overwhelmed with grief, stole out, and the door closed upon the dead man, his daughter, and the woman watching over.

But as he went down stairs there arose a wild, heartrending cry, and the words, "Father!" Father!"

CHAPTER XI.

IRIS was an orphan! Godfrey Knighton's death created a painfully profound sensation. His neighbors and those few who had been intimate with him had always regarded him as a particularly strong and robust man; he had never had a day's illness, had never complained even of those slight ailments which affect the generality of us.

That he should be found dead in bed without a note of warning, amazed and horrified the country.

There was a whisper as to the necessity of an inquest, but the doctor who had attended the Revels put in a word that had dispensed with a formal inquiry.

He said that he had known Mr Knighton's heart was not strong, and the squire had been aware of it himself, but carefully kept it from the knowledge of Iris.

"The poor squire had taken more than usual the preceding night, as I gather from his friend, the Signor Ricardo, and that dangerously accelerated the heart's action; the counteraction following, in my opinion, resulted in death."

The great London physician who was brought down—as if he could restore the dead to life!—confirmed the opinion of the local doctor, and the authorities were satisfied.

There had always been a tinge of mystery about him, people said, and his sudden and strange death was felt to be in accordance, somehow, with his life.

For Iris the deepest sympathy was felt.

With the exception of the Coverdales, the branch of the family with which the Knightons were at deadly feud, she had no relations in the world, and was utterly and completely alone! Women whose hearts ached for the bereaved girl came to the Revels to endeavor to console her, but they could not see her.

Felice, the pale woman with dark eyes hidden by their long lashes, met all inquiries with one response.

"My mistress is ill. She has not been out of her room since my master's death. She can see no one."

For days, indeed, Iris was, perhaps happily unconscious of the blow which Fate had dealt her. She lay, like the Israelitish king, her face turned to the wall, refusing comfort. She shed no tear, but at intervals broke from her lips the one word "Father!"

Of all who had endeavored to befriend and console her, none was more untiring and devoted than Lord Montacute. Every day he came to the house and saw Felice; and the pale anxious face grew more anxious and miserable at the invariable formula, "My mistress is too ill to see anyone. She thanks you, but wishes to be left alone. She cannot see you."

On the morning of the discovery of the death, Signor Ricardo had left the Revels and gone to the "Knighton Arms," but he rendered every assistance to Clarence Montacute, who, as the dead man's nearest friend, undertook the arrangement of the funeral.

Clarence was too overwhelmed by grief for Iris's loss, and anxiety about her, to pay much attention to the signor, but he felt the strange repugnance towards him which Iris had experienced on his arrival at the Revels; but the signor was so quiet, and he stole about the place in his deep mourning so noiselessly and unobtrusively that Lord Montacute could find no cause for complaint, much less quarrel with him.

The day of the funeral came and passed. It was a quiet ceremony; that is, as quiet as such a ceremony can be, when the mourners comprise the population of a whole village, and all the principal people of a county; and when it was over Lord Montacute and Mr. Barrington sat in the library, gravely discussing the future of the beautiful, sorrow-stricken girl shut up in her room with her first great grief.

"She is so utterly and completely alone," said Clarence gazing sorrowfully out of the window. "My mother would so gladly have her with her but—but—she will not come!"

His eyes were moist as he spoke, and the view from the window grew blurred and indistinct.

Mr. Barrington nodded gravely.

"It is very kind of Lady Montacute," he said; "it would be an excellent arrangement; there could be no better, unless Miss Knighton could go farther away, right away to a thorough change of scene."

Clarence sighed heavily.

"My mother would take every care of her," he said. "She would take her away. It is dreadful to me, the thought of her lying upstairs there, with no one near her but Felice."

"She seems a most devoted woman," said Mr. Barrington. "She accompanied her and her father from Italy.

He paused.

"I ought to thank you, my lord, for all you have done. I am sure Miss Knighton will not be wanting in gratitude when she is in condition to realise how true a friend you have proved yourself."

Poor Clarence stammered.

"I have done little or nothing," he said. "I would lay down my life to spare her a moment's pain; I suppose everybody knows that."

Then he looked at his watch.

"Is there anything else I can do?"

Mr. Barrington seemed to wake from a brown study.

"Well, there is one thing that we ought to do, my lord," he said.

"What is that?" enquired Clarence.

"Read the will," replied the lawyer gravely.

Clarence sighed.

"Very well, sir. I suppose there ought to be a sort of gathering of the servants, and—and friends.

"There ought to be when a will is read," assented Mr. Barrington grimly; "but there is none to read in this case."

Clarence looked faintly surprised.

"No will!" he said.

Mr. Barrington took a pinch of snuff and pursed up his brows.

"No will," he said. "At least, I cannot find one."

"That's very strange," said Clarence. "I always thought poor Knighton such a business-like man.

"So he was," said Mr. Barrington; "but the most business-like men——" he stopped. "It is strange, as you say, for I think there was a will."

Clarence looked at him in a puzzled fashion.

"I know there was a will, for I drew it up myself. But that was a year ago."

"And—and it isn't—you can't find it?"

"I cannot find it; I have searched everywhere. Of course, I have looked there,"—as Clarence's eyes went to the safe,—"that is the first place to search, naturally. I found everything else there,—deeds, scrip and other documents,—just as I expected; but no will."

"It's very strange," said Clarence helplessly; "but, of course, it does not matter?"

"No, it does not matter in one sense," said Mr. Barrington. "The whole of the property devolves upon Miss Iris."

Clarence nodded.

He could almost have wished that it were otherwise, that he might go to her and lay everything which he possessed at her feet.

"It is an immense property," continued Mr. Barrington gravely. "Im—mense. She will be one of the wealthiest women in England—poor girl!"

There was a silence for a moment, then the lawyer's dry voice spoke again.

"It is most singular this absence of a will and most unlike poor Mr. Knighton."

"His room——" suggested Clarence.

Mr. Barrington nodded.

"Yes. I found the family jewels, and Miss Iris's jewelery there; everything as I expected, as I said before, but no will! My lord, you may rest assured that I have left no place unsearched! Besides, why should Mr. Knighton conceal his will?" he added grimly.

Clarence shook his head.

"Do you think he can have destroyed it?"

"Destroyed it? Humph! There could be only one reason for his doing so."

"What is that?" asked Clarence.

"The fact that he intended making a new one. He may have destroyed it the night before he died, my lord. He died suddenly. He may have intended sending for me on the morrow, on the day, indeed of his death."

"But why should he make a new will? He wouldn't leave anything away from Miss Iris?"

Mr. Barrington shook his head.

"I should think not."

At this moment there came a knock at the door.

Clarence opened it. Felice stood outside looking pale, and more statuesque than ever in her black dress.

"My mistress would like to see Mr. Barrington before he goes, my lord," she said in hushed tones.

Clarence's face brightened.

"Yes, yes! Thank Heaven she is better, that she is well enough——"

"Tell Miss Knighton I am at her service," said the old lawyer.

"Yes, sir, my mistress will come down presently," said Felice, and she turned and went upstairs.

Clarence was closing the door, when Signor Ricardo suddenly and noiselessly appeared.

He was in deep mourning, and looked very grave and solemn.

"Pardon, my lord?" he murmured in a low voice. "I have come to ask if I can be of any service to you or Mr. Barrington before I leave!"

"You are going away, Signor Ricardo?" said Clarence, as civilly as he could.

The signor bowed.

"Alas, yes! I am called to London on important business! But if there is anything I can do——"

Mr. Barrington bowed to him, and the signor stole into the room, and with a sigh stood regarding the oil portrait of the squire which hung over the mantel-piece.

"You are very good, Signor Ricardo!" said Mr. Barrington. "I don't think there is anything you can do. But do you mind my asking you a question or two?"

"Certainly not!" said the signor, extending his hands with a touching frankness.

"We have not succeeded in finding a will, Mr. Ricardo," said Mr. Barrington.

The signor raised his brows and pursed his lips.

"No? Soh!"

"No. Now, I should like to ask you—don't answer unless you wish to, signor—if Mr. Knighton spoke to you at all about his will?"

The signor put his white forefinger to his brow and seemed to ponder deeply and earnestly.

"N—o! Stay! Yes, of course! Yes, I remember! Tut, but that is strange, now."

"What is strange?" demanded Mr. Barrington drily.

"That you should speak of it, and I to remember it."

"Will you tell us what he said?" asked Mr. Barrington.

"Certainly! Indeed, why not? It was the night before he died—ah, my poor friend!—the last night—we sat over our wine. My poor dear friend, he drank—alas!—too heavily that night. And the wine was strong. Ah, tut, tut! but we will say no more of that. No, no. And it was getting late when we talked of all this great place, and he said in his affectionate way, 'Ricardo, I shall make a new will!'"

CHAPTER XII.

"RICARDO, I shall make a new will!"

Mr. Barrington and Lord Clarence exchanged glances; the signor stood blandly, smoothly regarding them with an innocent sadness in his swarthy face.

Mr. Barrington silently regarded the tablecloth for a moment, then he said:

"I believe Mr. Knighton was an old friend of yours, Signor Ricardo; you have known him for a long time?"

"A very old friend! Yes, I have known him for a very long time," assented Ricardo.

"I make the remark," said Mr. Barrington, "because he seems to have confided in you more even than he has done in his friend here, Lord Montacute."

Ricardo bowed to Lord Clarence.

"That is natural!" he said, with a little gesture. "It is not the first time Godfrey Knighton has confided in me."

Mr. Barrington frowned gravely.

"Then you think Mr. Knighton, intending to make a new will, may have destroyed the old one?" he asked.

The signor shrugged his shoulders.

"I cannot say! He may have done so already; he may have done so the night he died—I cannot say!"

"It is most extraordinary!" remarked the lawyer.

The signor looked from one to the other.

"But surely it does not matter!" he said innocently. "Miss Iris, the poor young lady will inherit the whole of my friend's property!"

"Certainly," said Mr. Barrington. "As his daughter she will inherit everything."

"That is wise!" said the signor. "That is

all right! That is the law of England, is it not?"

"Yes," said Mr. Barrington; "the lawful child or children inherit where there is no will."

Signor Ricardo gave a little start and a click of the teeth.

"What do you mean by lawful?" he enquired.

Mr. Barrington looked at him with surprise.

"What do I mean by lawful, Signor Ricardo? I mean children born in wedlock, of course."

"In wedlock?—you mean when the father and mother are married, is that so?"

"Exactly," assented Mr. Barrington.

The signor started up from the chair in which he had seated himself, with a hasty ejaculation of dismay, then fell back again and stared from one to the other with a disturbed and agitated countenance.

Mr. Barrington looked at him with surprise and enquiry.

"What is the matter, Signor Ricardo?" he asked.

The signor's agitation seemed to increase.

"Peste!" he exclaimed between his teeth. "That is the law, is it? The father and mother must be married by a clergyman in accordance with your statutes, is it so?"

"Certainly?" assented Mr. Barrington. "But what has that to do with Miss Iris?"

The signor rose from his chair and began to pace the room, apparently in a whirl of dismay and indecision.

The two gentlemen watched him, surprised and vaguely alarmed: the man's manner was perplexing and extraordinary in the extreme.

"I—I beg your ten thousand pardons!" he said at last, wiping his brow and gesticulating with his hands. "I—I am much disturbed and—and upset! This information causes me much uneasiness!"

"But why?" demanded Mr. Barrington, watching him closely.

At this moment Iris was coming slowly down the stairs for the first time since her father's death.

By a great effort she had nerved herself to see and speak with Mr. Barrington. And this was her object. Many and many a time in the dark hours which had swept over her she had thought of Heron Coverdale. If her father had lived, she would have pleaded the young man's cause, have done her utmost to heal the feud between them. But her father was dead now, and she was the possessor of the immense wealth he had left behind. Half of that wealth she determined should go to Heron Coverdale.

She would see Mr. Barrington and give him to understand that this was her irrevocable resolution, that he must make over just one-half of all she possessed to the young lord who needed money so much more than she did, and Mr. Barrington must do this, if possible, without Lord Heron being able to ascertain that it was a gift.

Perhaps this one idea, this one hope, had kept her heart from breaking, and the thought that it should be from her hand that Lord Heron should receive the money brought her a consolation which was as strange and curious as it was sweet.

At the library door she paused, and turned away. Adjoining the library was a small room divided from it by a curtain, in which the squire had kept his guns and fishing tackle. Trembling a little she thought she would go in there and rest a moment or two and gain strength and composure for the interview; and she entered this little ante-room just as the signor began to pace up and down the library and wipe his brow in his well simulated agitation. Every word that was said could be heard by Iris, but for a few moments she paid no attention.

"What have I said that has upset you, signor?" asked Mr. Barrington gravely. "Surely you know that this is the law of England?"

"No, no! I did not!" returned Ricardo, in a troubled voice. "I did not! I—I—your pardon, gentlemen! I do not know what to say. I am in great distress; I am in a position of great trouble. I do not know what to do, what to say. My poor, poor friend!" and he put his hand to his eyes.

Clarence Montacute fidgeted with his feet and looked at the signor impatiently.

"Can't you speak out, sir?" he exclaimed but Mr. Barrington motioned to him to be patient.

"Pray calm yourself, Signor Ricardo," he said, in his grave, composed manner. "You appear to know something about my late client, Mr. Knighton, which distracts and distresses you. Is that so?"

"That is so," assented the signor; "but whatever it is, gentlemen, it shall remain buried in this breast," and he struck his chest emphatically.

Mr. Barrington smiled grimly.

"Of course, if that is your determination, there is nothing more to be said," he remarked. "But as Miss Knighton's legal adviser, I think it my duty to remind you that if you are concealing anything that should be known to me because you consider it may injure her, you may be, by that concealment, injuring her far more effectually than you would do if you confided in me. I merely put this to you for my own satisfaction. I am, personally, not at all curious, and I am sure Lord Montacute here is not."

"No, no!" said Clarence eagerly. "I do not want to know anything—no! I will go."

"Stay, my lord!" said Ricardo, stretching out his hand. "Stay, my lord! If I have to tell what I know, I would wish that you as well as this good gentleman, the lawyer, should hear it. I beg you to remain."

Clarence Montacute went back to the window, and Ricardo, sinking into a chair, held up his forefinger impressively.

"Gentlemen, I have decided to tell you!" he said.

"One moment Signor Ricardo!" broke in Mr. Barrington gravely. "You have no objection to my taking notes? If this that you are about to disclose is of the importance your manner suggests one cannot be too careful."

The signor waved his hand with quiet dignity.

"Take what notes you please, sir," he said. "I have a plain story to tell,—I tell it because I think it is my duty to do so, and Baptiste Ricardo, gentleman, has always followed the dictates of duty," and he laid his hand upon his heart, "Yes, however painful it is, Baptiste Ricardo will do his duty. Gentleman, what I have to say concerns my dear young friend, the beautiful young lady who is not Godfrey Knighton's daughter."

Clarence drew a breath of relief; a horrible idea had sat upon him that this man, coming from no one knew where, was going to say that she was Godfrey Knighton's daughter!

"Gentlemen, as I have said, I am an old friend of Godfrey Knighton's; we met first in Italy."

Mr. Barrington, with his face set in something like grim incredulity and suspicion, drew a sheet of paper towards him, and began to make notes.

"In Italy," repeated the signor, with the air of one speaking reluctantly, and against his will. "He was an Englishman, staying at Naples for the benefit of his health, or for his amusement; both perhaps! He was rich, young and handsome, but——" the signor shrugged his shoulders, "he was, what you call it?—reserved! Had no friends or acquaintances, and kept to himself. People said that he was suffering from a love disappointment! It does not matter! There he was,—rich, alone, and at Naples. And there I met him. You will say, what was I doing there? Well, I was amusing myself by courting a young lady, her name was Fioretta Corsini."

Mr. Barrington made a note. Clarence, with folded arms, stood and listened attentively, his eyes fixed upon Ricardo's black shining ones.

"Fioretta Corsini! She was——" the signor paused, and made a gesture with his white, claw-like hands. "I despair of telling you, gentleman, how beautiful she was! She was like the stars that shine above all others in that evening sky! She was lovely! She was a great singer! She was the *prima donna*, the first lady of the opera, and there was a great fame before her! Ah, yes, she would have been one of the most noted ones of the earth, there is no doubt! Well, gentleman, I loved this lady——"

"Principally for the sake of her salary," thought Clarence Montacute.

"And I did hope to win her for myself. One night I saw Godfrey Knighton at the opera. It was for the first time! He was fond of music, that I knew, but he was not fond of mixing in a crowd, and he had kept away from the opera and the concerts. But I met him there one night. And Fioretta Corsini sang. It was one of her great parts, and that night she excelled herself. I was in the stalls, and I looked up at the box where the great and rich Englishman sat, and I saw his stern face soften and gradually grow pale, and from that night, whenever Fioretta Corsini appeared, there sat the rich Englishman in his box. You understand, gentleman?" and the signor shrugged his shoulders.

Mr. Barrington nodded quietly.

"He was fascinated, bewildered, captivated—just like a young boy. Godfrey Knighton, the stern and reserved Englishman, had fallen—what you call it?—head and ears in love with Signorina Corsini of the Italian opera!"

He paused and wiped his lips, looking furtively from one to the other.

"Ah, well! One night the signorina was going to her carriage, after the opera, and there was a crowd waiting to see her, and they pressed forward so eagerly that they discomposed her, and she dropped the roll of music which she was taking home to practice. Godfrey Knighton was close by, and he stooped and picked up the roll. But by that time the signorina had entered her carriage and—pouf!—she was whirled away. Can you not guess what happened, gentlemen?"

Mr. Barrington remained silent.

"The next day the rich Englishman called at the signorina's lodgings, where she was living with her sister, Now the signorina, though a great and divine singer and a popular idol—they worshipped her—was as good and innocent as a child. Yes, as a child! Godfrey Knighton spent an hour with her. She liked him,—he came again. Presently he got into the habit of conducting her to the theatre and back to her house. Then she would walk in the green lanes round the city with him. Ah, well; people began to talk! But she knew not that she was doing wrong, and he"—the signor paused, and his face grew dark—"he was like all great rich men! He thought that the world and all that it contained of beauty was just made for him! That was all! I saw how things were going. I saw that I, Baptiste Ricardo, would lose my beautiful Fioretta, and I went to her! I told her what the world was saying, and showed to her the precipice upon which she was standing. Ah, well!" he paused and stretched out his hands—"she just turned as white as a sheet and pointed to the door. What was I to do next."

Mr. Barrington regarded him in grave silence.

"The next thing to do was what every man of honor would do," continued the signor, touching his breast. "I went to Godfrey Knighton, the proud and rich Englishman, and I challenged him to the duel. He laughed at first in his haughty fashion; then he said, with a shrug of his shoulders, 'If it will give you any pleasure to fight with me, Signor Ricardo, why I haven't the heart to baulk you; but I think it only fair to tell you that I am what is called a good shot, and that I shall take careful aim.' Those were his words!"

They were so exactly what both the listeners felt Godfrey Knighton would say, that for the first time an awful suspicion that this smooth-tongued Italian was speaking the truth, began to grow upon them.

"Well, gentlemen, we met. I might have chosen swords, for, not to be immodest, I am a proficient with the rapier; but I waived my right. It was pistols. The morning, I remember it quite plainly,—why, yes, for I have cause!—was clear and bright, and our two figures stood out against the sky like black statues. I fired and missed; Godfrey Knighton fired and—hit! See, gentlemen," and he pointed to the scar which, as he smiled, shone white and livid on his temple. "That is where Godfred Knighton's bullet hit. They carried me off, and for weeks I lay between life and death.

"At the end of that time I went back into the world to find—what I might have expected! Fioretta Corsini had disappeared, and of course, Godfrey Knighton had disappeared also. They had gone together, no one knew where!"

He paused and Clarence Montacute wiped the perspiration from his forehead. An awful foreboding was taking possession of him, and all his thoughts—his heart—were with the girl whom he thought was upstairs in her room. If he could but have guessed that Iris was standing, white and motionless as a statue, behind the curtain, within a few feet of them, listening in a dull, dreamy horror to every word that fell from the man's lips, what would he have done!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A BUSY LIFE.—Alexandre Dumas, the French author of "The Count of Monte Cristo," was one of the most prolific of writers. Besides producing novels, he wrote plays, memoirs, travels, histories, and a cookery book. His record is: Novels and tales, 211 volumes; travels, 29 volumes; dramas, 25 volumes; historical works, 17 volumes; memoirs, 12 volumes; and miscellaneous works, 4 volumes; making in all 298 volumes. Assuming that he began to write when he was twenty, he must have produced during the remaining forty-seven years of his life an average of rather more than six volumes in every twelve months. Dumas died at the age of sixty-seven.

Bric-a-Brac.

FIRST-FOOTING.—First-footing is an old custom connected with New Year's eve. Parties of friends visited one another, and those that reached a neighbor's house first after midnight were called first foot, and the first-foot was sure of good luck for the coming year. From this custom doubtless, the modern New Year's call took it origin.

A MATTER OF COLOR.—The prejudice against red hair is as widespread and deep-rooted as it is unaccountable. Tradition assigns reddish hair to both Absalom and Judas. Thus Rosalind in Shakespeare (complaining of her lover's tardiness) pettishly exclaims: "His own hair is of the dissembling color!" and is answered by Celia: "Somewhat browner than Judas's." Marston, also, in his "Insatiate Countess," says: "I ever thought by his red beard he would prove a Judas; here am I bought and sold." But Leonardo da Vinci, it may be noted in passing, paints Judas with black hair in his fresco, "The Last Judgment." All over Europe red hair is associated with treachery and deceitfulness.

DUKE HUMPHREY.—Perhaps the origin of the expression 'dining with Duke Humphrey,' is not so well known as to render an account of it superfluous. There stood in St. Paul's Church, London, a monument to the memory of one Sir Guy Beauchamp, but which was erroneously supposed to be the tomb of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, who was in fact buried at St Albans. From this mistake, the part of the cathedral in which the monument stood was called "Duke Humphrey's Walk;" and here the gallant who had not the means to procure a dinner lingered, in the hope of an invitation to dine with some more fortunate friend. Failing this, he spent the dinner hour in company with the inhospitable monument, or, as the vulgar expressed it "dined with Duke Humphrey."

THE WHITE HORSE.—An explanation of the white horse and red headed girl idea, refers to a North of Ireland superstition, that the sight of a red-headed girl brings ill-luck to the beholder unless he retrace his steps; but if he met a white horse at any stage of his backward progress the spell is averted. In midland counties of England, on the other hand, it is ill-luck to meet a white horse without spitting at it. In Wexford an odd cure for the whooping cough is suggested by current superstition. The patient trudges along the road until he meets a piebald horse and shouts out to the rider: "Hallo, man on the piebald horse, what is good for the whooping cough?" and no matter how absurd the remedy suggested he will certainly be cured. In Scotland to dream of a white horse foretells the coming of a letter.

THE BIGGEST IN THE WORLD.—Here when a garden party is given, a tent is often put up to do duty for a "refreshment saloon." In West Africa they employ an umbrella instead, so that it is not the mere whim of a sable monarch which leads to these articles being made of such a huge size. Not long ago a certain firm made the largest umbrella in the world for a West African king. The umbrella, which closed in the usual way, measured twenty-one feet across and was fastened to a polished mahogany staff of the same length. The covering was formed of Indian straw, and lined with cardinal and white; twenty straw tassels hung down from it at regular intervals, and the whole had a border of crimson satin. There was a pine-shaped straw ornament on the top, which ended in a gilt cone. When his Majesty gives a party he will have the umbrella stuck in the ground and thirty guests will be able to sit down to dinner under its grateful shade.

HOME, SWEET HOME.—"Home, Sweet Home," a song by John Howard Payne, a prolific author in prose and verse, who is only remembered to-day through these lines. When Charles Kemble was manager of Covent Garden Theatre, in 1823, he bought a number of MSS. from Payne, who was then starving in a Parisian attic. Among these was a drama, "Clari, the Maid of Milan." At Kemble's request, Payne changed this into an opera, introducing the song of "Home, Sweet Home," which then consisted of four stanzas. The opera was a failure, but the song proved a great success. Over 100,000 copies were sold the first year, and in two years the publishers cleared over $10,000, no portion of which went into the author's pocket. "How often," he complains, "have I been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London, or some other city, and have heard persons singing or herd organs playing "Home, Sweet Home," without having a shilling to buy myself the next meal, or a place to lay my head.

THE STAR OF LOVE.

BY SHIRLEY WYNNE.

The sunset fades across the moors,
The evening air is calm and still,
Day passes through her twilight doors,
And Venus rises o'er the hill.

A little bubbling mountain stream
Makes sweet its music as it falls,
Softly as music heard in dream
That the half-waking sense enthralls.

And there my darling waits for me,
And watches for me till I come—
O Star of Love, her guardian be,
And spread thy wings o'er her and home!

And when I feel her hand in mine,
And when I hear her welcome sweet,
We'll bless thee, Star of Love divine,
And worship at thy silver feet!

A GOLDEN PRIZE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THERE WAS SILENCE for a moment, but it was evident that the Major had not yet finished, and he continued.

"Not that Vyse would be so foolish as to attempt to come to close quarters with his enemy and rival," he said, as if he were reflecting. "No, he wouldn't do that, for Mr. Raven, it appears, is, notwithstanding his late illness, an—ahem—an awkward man to tackle. No, I should think that if Vyse meant to do him a mischief, he would attack him unawares. I should fancy that he would—er—get a gun, an air gun, for instance, one that doesn't make any noise, and I should think that he'd hang about, concealing himself near this spot, until he saw an opportunity—some evening say, when the men had gone and Mr. Raven was alone in the quarry. I am afraid that is what poor Vyse would do."

"Poor" Vyse stood with his hands thrust into his pockets, his face white, his breath coming thick and fast, and his eyes regarding the major with a half startled, half ferocious glare.

"You see," said the major, still in the same bland, amiable, and speculative tone, "if he took a careful aim he would kill the unfortunate man without anyone being the wiser, and could then escape and keep clear of the neighborhood until the affair blew over. Of course, I trust no such ideas as these would enter poor Vyse's head, but all the same I do not think I will give you this knife for him, it might lead him to think of his revenge, and that would be dreadful, my friend, would it not?"

Vyse struggled with his voice.

"Yes, it would, guv'nor," he assented hoarsely, "But it wouldn't be more than that sly hound, Clifford Raven, deserved ——"

"Oh, come, my man," said the major with gentle reproach: "you really mustn't use such language! You really must not, indeed! You take your friend Vyse's injuries too much to heart; anyone would think they were your own!"

Vyse started.

"Besides, if anything happened to this Mr. Raven, and it was remembered that you had spoken so violently on Vyse's behalf, it would be kind of awkward, wouldn't it? No, my friend: do not let us indulge in hasty language. If you see Vyse, which is not improbable, don't tell him of our—ahem—little conversation. But, of course you wouldn't be so imprudent?"

"No, I won't tell him, guv'nor," said Vyse, looking hard at the ground.

"That's right," said the major. "I'm afraid I've taken up a great deal of your time, my man. You must let me—er—make it up to you. Times are hard just now, aren't they?"

"They are,—very hard?" assented Vyse, watching the major's fat hand as it slid into his pocket.

"There," said the major: "there's a trifle to help you on your road, my friend."

Vyse took a couple of coins which lay on the major's palm, looked on them, and started.

"Eh? What have I given you?" enquired the major.

"A—a couple of suv'rins!" said Vyse.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the major; "I thought they were shillings. Never mind; I don't like to take them back. But, oh, my good friend do not spend them in—ahem—drink and dissipation; remember, if you meet with your friend Vyse, not a word of what we have been saying concerning him."

Vyse nodded and touched his ragged cap, stood for a moment glancing from one to the other, then slunk off.

The two men sat silent for a moment or two. The major's blandly-benevolent expression gave place to an anxious and furtive one as he watched the ragged, disreputable figure disappearing over the hills.

Then Arthur Carr-Lyon raised his head.

"What devil's game are you playing at now?"

The major turned to him with an air of surprise.

"My dear Arthur!——"

"Pshaw!" broke in the other. "You know that was Vyse himself; you knew it all the time! You'll—you'll get into trouble over this business!" and he uttered an oath, as he wiped the perspiration that stood in cold drops upon his forehead.

The major's face twitched.

"No!" he said in a low voice. "There is no danger to us. All the world might have heard what I said to the man. Suppose he acknowledges that he is Vyse, I will swear in a court of justice that I don't know who he is! And I gave him good advice for his friend, Vyse; I even refused to give him Vyse's knife, lest harm should come of it! I can call you as witness to that, and I'll ask you to remember all that I said to the man, my dear Arthur, as well, in case of accidents."

"And you, meaning nothing, gave the man a couple of pounds!" said Carr-Lyon, with a sneer on his trembling lips.

"A mistake!—I thought they were two shillings!" retorted the major with a cunning smile. "You heard me say so. Good heavens! why should I give a tramp I never saw before so much money? It was a mistake, but of course, as a gentleman I couldn't take it back from the poor devil!"

Arthur Carr-Lyon looked at him.

"You—you are a clever fellow," he said, between his teeth. "And—and you think that this man will—help us?" he added, in a whisper.

The major stretched out his hands, palm upwards, with an air of throwing off any responsibility.

"I won't answer such a question," he said. "I don't think, or know, anything of the kind. But"—he paused, and an evil smile crossed his fat, white face—"I shouldn't be surprised to hear that Clifford Raven was found lying in the cursed quarry with a bullet through him!"

Arthur Carr-Lyon drew a long breath.

"What is to be done meanwhile?" he demanded sullenly.

The major rose.

"We'd better part," he said. "If you want my advice, it is: Keep quiet and—wait. Don't attempt to interfere with Desmond."

"And Kate?" said Arthur Carr-Lyon, with suppressed fury. "Am I to leave her to defy me—my own wife?

The major shook his head.

"Take my advice, and leave her alone for the present. Remember, you are in her power, and—wait, you haven't treated her very well, you know. And Kate's a girl with a good deal of—er—strength of character." He lowered his voice. "Keep quiet and wait. If—if anything happens to Desmond, the tables are turned, and it is you who will have the upper hand. Go back to London and—amuse yourself."

"And you?"

The major's thick lids dropped.

"Oh, I don't know!" he said. "You leave me to care for myself."

"Yes, I can do that!" said Arthur Carr-Lyon, with a sneer. "I can do that with perfect safety. Well, I'll get to the station."

"Yes, it wouldn't do for us to be seen together, and set all Sandford chattering. I'll write to you if anything turns up."

The two men parted without another word; as such men do part, hating and fearing each other, and yet bound to each other by bonds of a common crime.

* * * * * *

So great a change had come over Kate's life that it almost seemed to her that she had become quite another person; that the old Kate Meddon, who had been partly lured into marrying Arthur Carr-Lyon; the Kate who had gone through that parting with the man in Wood's Quarry, had died, long, long ago, and that she who sat at work in Jess Playford's rooms was a totally different entity!

She'd so carefully cut herself off from her old life and self, that she could not have been more completely lost if she had sailed across the sea, or been transported to an Indian jungle.

On the morning following her first night at Jess's, she had written a short note to Desmond Carr-Lyon.

It was one of four lines only. "Forgive me," it said. "I could not stay. I am quite safe and at peace. Do not seek to find or follow me. I pray that you may be happy and that we may never meet again."

She did not even sign it, for she would not have written the hateful wedded name to save her life, and she could not sign it "Kate," lest it should awaken tender feelings and sad regrets in his heart.

Having taken farewell of her past in writing the note she strove womanfully to keep her new life.

At first it seemed as if the singular woman who had rescued her had only been putting forth the pretence of making the costumes as a plausible way of easing Kate's conscience and pride; but Kate would not have this.

"I must really help you, Jess," she said, "or—or go?"

And with a murmured word of impatience, Jess, seeing that she was resolved and determined, gave her work to do. Kate's fingers were stiff and awkward at first, but she got to use the needle and the sewing machine very quickly, and, as Jess had said, she possessed taste which rendered her valuable.

She got several books of costumes from the library, and copied some ancient and classical costumes from them. It was hard work, and she made harder work of it by working almost unceasingly; but it kept her from going mad, or breaking her heart, and Jess, seeing this, did not interfere for a time.

But as the end of the week came, and Kate had not left the house, and the clear olive pallor of her face was growing a delicate ivory, Jess calmly and coolly took the work she was engaged on from her hand, and tossed it aside.

"What is the matter? Is it wrong?" Kate asked, with a start and a flush.

"No, it is all right," said Jess. "It always is all right, but you mustn't do any more, not a stitch!" and she frowned. "You have sat here in this room, work, work, working for six days without going out, and I can't stand it any longer!"

"I am quite well," faltered Kate.

Jess snatched up a hand-glass, and held it before her face.

"Look at that," she said. "You are killing yourself. Put on your bonnet and go out. Why should you be afraid? Put on a black veil. You need not go farther than the square, and I will come with you. I should like to see anyone interfere with you when I am by your side!"

Kate stood trembling and reluctant for a minute or two, then she got her hat and jacket, and, thickly veiled, went out with her strange friend.

After that Jess insisted upon her going out with her for an hour every morning, and gradually the color came back to Kate's pale face.

Since the first night of their meeting, neither had spoken of their past life, to the other, and there had been no exchange of confidences; but Kate noticed, almost unconsciously, that while she, when they were out together, glanced about her with a half-shrinking fear of meeting some familiar face, Jess looked about with eager, restless enquiry, as if she were seeking someone.

Once she started suddenly from Kate's side, and, darting quickly across the road, stopped short in front of a gentleman who was passing; but a moment afterwards she was back with Kate, and her face wore a disappointed and dispirited expression.

"Did you think you saw some one you knew?" Kate asked innocently, and was sorry the next moment that she had put the question, for Jess turned upon her with a stern bitterness.

"Yes," she said, in a deep voice. "But it was not; it never is. But it will be some day—some day!"

During a portion of the day, sometimes for nearly all the day, Jess was out fulfilling her engagements as an artist's model, and then Kate was left alone. Heaven knows what thoughts filled her mind as she sat at these times over her work; but now and again Jess found a spot of moisture on the costumes, and knew that it was a tear.

So the days glided on into weeks; and as Kate had said, she was at peace. No one but Jess ever entered the room, the outer world was as completely shut out as if she had been in prison, and she lived altogether in the past.

Between the two girls an attachment sprang up, or rather grew gradually—a strong and deep attachment. Jess was never tender or affectionate, and there were times when she would sit in silence, with her dark brows drawn fiercely, and her black eyes flashing with some hidden feeling, but she was always gentle to the beautiful girl she had succoured and protected, and watched over her as devotedly as an elderly sister could have done.

One evening about six weeks later the two sat at work. Kate was making a drawing of a costume for Marie Antoinette, and Jess Playford was mending a rent in her dress. They had been working in silence for half an hour or so, for one of her dark fits was upon Jess, and Kate every now and then looked up pityingly at the heavy brows and smouldering eyes.

Suddenly Jess dropped her hands upon the table, and, rising abruptly, began to pace up and down.

Kate just glanced at her.

"Is anything the matter, Jess?" she asked, in her sweet voice. "Are you ill? Why don't you put your work away, and and rest awhile? Come and look at my drawing; you like to watch me sometimes, you know!" for Jess would often sit with her head resting on her hands, and her eyes fixed intently upon Kate's white, supple fingers as they moved over the paper.

"Yes, yes—sometimes," she said in a quick, nervous voice, "but not now! I can't work or sit down to-night! Don't mind me—don't notice me——"

"Forgive me, Jess," murmured Kate; but it makes my heart ache to see you so unhappy: I know you are unhappy!"

Jess laughed and pushed the thick black hair from her forehead.

"Unhappy! Yes, and I deserve to be!" she exclaimed in a suppressed voice. "I am never anything else, or shall be, until—!" she broke off suddenly. "But I am worse to-night. This room seems stifling; I feel choking, and as if I must go out. As if——" she stopped again, and looked at Kate frowningly. "Did you ever feel what people call a presentiment, Kate? As if what you had been looking for and longing for for years was near at hand?"

Kate leant her head upon her hand and thought a moment.

"Yes, something like it," she said, "But it never comes true, does it?" and she smiled the sad smile of the weary heart.

"No, scarcely ever; but the presentiment is there all the same. I feel it to-night; it is strong upon me,—it seems to be drawing me out into the air," and she began to pace up and down again.

Kate watched her with deep sympathy.

"Why not go out for a little walk, dear Jess?" "The room does seem hot to you, I dare say: I am used to it. Go out for a little walk in the fresh air. You will come back so much better."

Jess smiled bitterly.

"Do you think so?" she said. "Yes, I will go. At any rate, it is not fitting and proper that I should worry you with my black fits. But if you knew——"

"I know that you have had some great trouble and that it casts its shadow over you at times; dear," said Kate, gently, and she put out her hand and laid it softly and soothingly upon Jess's arm.

She shook it off with an impatient, nervous gesture.

"You have suffered too; but you bear it. You are a lady and I am only one of the common people; that's the reason."

"I suffer for my own folly," murmured Kate quietly.

"And I, too; but I cannot bear it as you do. Every day of my life I long for revenge! If I thought it would not come—" she stopped again. "Yes, I must go out for a little while," she said, and left the room with a hurried step.

Kate rose as she re-entered with her outdoor things on.

"Let me come with you, Jess?" she said. "I will not talk, or—or worry you! Let me come. I don't like your going out alone!"

"No, no!" said Jess decidedly. "I am best alone when I am like this! You needn't be afraid," she added, with a short, bitter laugh. "I shan't do anything rash. I'm not going to do away with myself—yet!"

"Jess!" cried Kate reproachfully, but the door slammed, and Jess went out.

She passed out into the street hurriedly, then stopped and looked from right to left, as if uncertain which way to take; but after a moment's reflection—if reflection it could be called,—she went towards Piccadilly.

It was past ten o'clock, and the streets were full of the usual throngs of pleasure-seekers. Some of them made some remarks or turned to look after the tall figure with its darkly-handsome face; but she went on her way with a quick, firm step, paying no heed, and looking about her with her usual keen scrutiny.

Presently she came to St. James' street. The pavement was quiet enough here, and, very unconsciously, she walked more slowly.

The clubs were in full swing, and she could see, through the glass doors, the footmen and waiters passing too and fro. Now and again two or three gentlemen would enter or come out from one of these modern palaces, and Jess would pause for a moment, and look eagerly at them.

So she went on, until a calmness began to follow upon her mood of restless excitement. She then stopped, and looked about her vacantly; then, with a sigh, she muttered. "Not to-night. I shan't see him to-night!" and turned towards home.

As she did so, the huge glass door of a club swung open, and a gentleman came down the steps.

As he did so he pulled his overcoat together with a smothered oath, drew his hat over his forehead with an ill-tempered gesture.

Jess stopped and started. It was the oath and the gesture which had startled her. Swiftly and cautiously she drew back out of the light that poured in a great stream from the club, and, bending eagerly forward, fixed her eyes upon the man.

He pulled up the collar of his coat, and looked about for a cab; then, swearing sullenly, walked toward the square.

Jess pressed her hand to her heart, and shut her eyes for a moment, then, with soft steps, followed him.

Arthur Carr-Lyon, for it was he, walked on until he had reached the square, and was making his way to a cab-stand, when suddenly he felt a hand on his shoulder.

"Claude!" said Jess, in a low hoarse voice.

He started as if he had been shot, and swung round upon her, and the two stood confronting each other. The light from a gas-lamp fell upon both their faces, and both were white: his with a fear that was almost superstitious; hers with an awful expression of hate and satisfaction.

"Claude!" she said again.

"Who the deuce are you?" he exclaimed at last, trying to shake off her grasp of iron; but her thin hand closed on his shoulder like a clasp of a vice.

She laughed, a dry harsh laugh.

"You don't know me you mean?" she said. "You lie, Claude Hamilton, you know who I am. But I will tell you. I am Jess Playford. Jess, Jess! Do you hear? The woman you ruined and deserted!"

He had been playing and losing and drinking heavily, and his nerves—the nerves of a coward—were all unstrung, and he shook under her grasp.

"Good Lord, Jess, is it you?" he managed to stammer out at last.

"Yes, it's me!" she retorted with savage bitterness. "Look at me! I'm altered, but you'll know me after a minute or two, I know you fast enough. You're not altered, it isn't you who have suffered! No! I knew you!"

His face twitched and his lips quivered under the gaze of her black eyes.

"Yes, it is Jess!" he exclaimed with feigned surprise and delight. "Well, this is luck! Why, I've—I've been looking for you everywhere, Jess!"

"That's a lie!" she said, not loudly but with slow distinctness. "It is I that have been looking for you! But I've found you—at last!" What an accent there was on those two last words! In them spoke all the awful longing for vengeance which had been simmering for months and years. "At last!" you're glad to see me aren't you? You look it! Well I'm glad to see you!"

"Yes, yes," he faltered; "awful, glad. Where—where are you living, Jess?"

"What do you care where—or how!" she retorted with suppressed fury. "You hoped that I shouldn't live at all! You'd give all you're worth if I were dead. Don't deny it; I know it! But I'm not dead, I'm alive, Claude——and I've found you!"

He grew red and white by turns.

"Look here," he said, glancing towards the cab-stand nervously; "don't make a scene, Jess!"

"No," she said, with a sharp click of her teeth; "I won't make a scene; but I've found you, and I mean to keep you! Make an attempt to give me the slip, and I'll call these men to help me——"

"Give you the slip!" he echoed, with well-feigned reproach; "certainly not! Such an idea never entered my head! Why should I? Why, Jess, I'm awfully glad to see you!"

"Yes," she said, with bitter sarcasm, "you look like it. And now what do you mean to do?"

"Mean to do?" he repeated, his eyes falling before her fixed gaze.

"Yes!" she said, stoutly and sternly. "What do you mean to do? I ask you, and I want an answer. You promised to marry me—you remember?"

"Yes, yes, I remember," he said weakly, desperately.

"You deserted me, left me to starve!" she said, and her hand fell from his shoulder to his fore arm, and grasped it; "did you keep your promise?"

"To marry you?" he said gently.

"Yes! I was no worse then than I am now! Did you do it? Speak, answer, Yes or No! Answer No, and I'll——" her teeth clenched and her eyes shone like two balls of fire—"kill you!"

He tried to speak, but his voice failed him.

"Will you?" she said. "Wait; perhaps you are married already!" and her voice sounded harsh and husky.

"No, no, I'm not married," he quickly plied.

She drew a long breath.

"If you had said 'Yes,'" she said, "I'd have killed you! You are not married. Then you will marry me? Remember your promise! Look at me, and remember what I was and what you made me. Answer me! Will you marry me?"

He looked from side to side under his thick lids.

"Of course I will," he replied. "Don't I tell you I have been looking for you? Why, we always used to get on well together, you and me! Of course I'll marry you! You don't know how hard pressed I was when I left you! I'm sorry I did it, very; and I've been looking for you ever so long, years! 'Pon my word of honor!"

"Your honor!" she said, with bitter scorn. "Where do you live? I've found you now, and I'm not going to lose sight of you!"

He drew a cardcase from his pocket.

"Here's my address," he said.

She took the card under the lamp, and looked at it.

"Lord Carr-Lyon!" she said. "You—you are a lord?"

"Yes," he said uneasily. "I came into the title after——"

"After you left me to starve!" she finished, as he hesitated. "And you will marry me? So you are a lord, are you? What is this—201, Park Lane?"

"Yes," he said, "that's my address. You can come and see if you like."

"Call a cab," she said.

He obeyed, and they got in.

"Tell the man where to drive," she said.

He did so, and the cab rattled swiftly off.

"You don't mean to—to—make a scene, Jess?" he said "The servants, you know——"

"No," she said; "I shall make no scene; but I want to know whether you are lying or not. If what you say is true, then I am satisfied. You should marry me, if you were a duke."

"I'm only an earl," he said with a ghastly smile.

The cab rattled on and entered Park Lane.

"The house is very near here," he said. "You won't make a big fuss?" he asked again.

"No," she said. "I've been thinking. You will meet me to-morrow," she thought a moment, "on the Embankment, under Waterloo Bridge. We can go from there to a registrar's, and get married."

"Of course," he said at once.

She looked at him.

"Do you think you can escape me? If so, put that thought away from you. I have found you, and will keep you!"

"My dear Jess," he said with effusion, "I haven't the faintest intention of escaping you. All I bargain for is, that we go abroad for a time. You know what a fuss people make when men in my position——"

"We will go where you like," she said firmly; "and you will meet me at ten o'clock?"

"At ten o'clock!" he said instantly.

The cab stopped at the house in Park Lane, and he got out.

"Where shall I tell the man to drive?" he asked.

"I will tell him," she said calmly. "Let me see you go into the house."

He forced a laugh.

"You always were sharp, Jess," he said. "But I do live here, as it happens. Ten o'clock to-morrow."

She watched him go up the steps and ring the bell, and saw him enter, then, and not till then, did she give the cabman the address of the house in the Edgeware Road.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SPEAKING AND THINKING.—A son of the Emerald Isle wished to present a parrot to an intimate friend. He accordingly called on a dealer, who, having just sold his last parrot, persuaded Mike to buy an owl, which he claimed as belonging to a rare and valuable species of parrots. Mike paid for the bird, and immediately walked off with it to the house of his friend, who was highly pleased with it.

About four weeks after Mike again called to see what progress the Polly made.

"And how does she spake?" asked Mike.

"She don't spake at all—niver a word since the day you brought it."

Mike was off in a jiffy to ask the dealer why the bird didn't speak.

"She hasn't spoken one word as yet," said Mike, as soon as he could gain his breath.

"Oh," replied the man of business, with cool indifference, "she is not a great speaker, but a very great thinker."

Mike left nonplussed.

A Niece for an Aunt.

BY FAYE MADOC.

"COME away from the window, Justina!" Aunt Blanche gave this command pretty frequently, but Justina (Tina as she would have called herself) always forgot.

Not very much passed the window, truly, for Elm Cottage stood off the high road, but every half-hour or so something did come along the lane, and the sound of wheels always brought Tina to the window.

Aunt Blanche sat all day writing at her large table, and had not much time to spare for her niece; but she was immaculately ladylike, and, in her code, it was not ladylike to look out of the window, so whenever she raised her eyes and saw Justina standing there, she always called her back.

Then Tina would return, blushing to the roots of her hair, and sit down again at her own little low table, where she kept her workbox and portfolio, and her little library, and the photographs of her two dearest friends in frames, and a rosebud in a tall thin vase.

She used to sit there half the day, scribbling letters to her old schoolfellows, and making little mattress pincushions and fancy housewives, but she was not very happy, and the time hung heavily on her hands.

True, she had the run of Aunt Blanche's book shelves, but unfortunately she did not care for reading, and the piano, which she would have enjoyed, was denied to her; for Aunt Blanche might not be disturbed.

Of course Aunt Blanche meant to be very kind. But she did not understand the requirements of sweet seventeen. She was happy enough, writing, writing all day long.

But little Tina wanted something more—fresh air, exercise, young companions, music, gaiety—and this never occurred to Aunt Blanche.

But an eventful day came. One morning dawned gloomy and black, as summer days sometimes will, and at ten o'clock the rain was pouring down with all the violence possible.

It was Friday, and Aunt Blanche, who was a rigid churchwoman, walked two miles every Wednesday and Friday to the nearest church.

The rain did not make her forego it any; she did not care for weather. But she decreed that it was no fit day for Justina to venture forth, and Justina accordingly stayed at home, sighing a little because she liked seeing the curate, who was unmarried and only one-and-thirty, but rather glad also, because she did not like the clerical gentleman (who was hardly aware of her existence) to see her in dirty boots and an old hat.

So she buttoned up Aunt Blanche's long waterproof cloak and helped her to put on her goloshes and opened her umbrella and shut the door after her with mixed feelings.

Then she furtively watched Aunt Blanche out of sight, and, breathing more freely, stationed herself at the window. True, nothing was likely to pass on such a day as this, but there was occupation in gazing into the lane, and Tina was so tired of sitting at her horrid little table.

So she watched the rain-drops pattering down into the puddles, and counted the roses hanging their heavy heads on the bush opposite, and wished Lucetta Robinson and Mimi Vaughan were there, and wondered if Aunt Blanche would let her be Mimi's bridesmaid, if Mimi married her cousin Tom when he came back from sea.

Then—hark! Surely that was the sound of wheels, and surely—as Tina strained her eyes in the direction whence the sound proceeded; surely that was the station fly coming lumbering along.

If it was in a novel, thought silly little Tina, the fly would stop at Elm Cottage; and while she was thinking so, the fly actually did stop, and (what was still more like a novel) out of it sprang a man, and a young man, too—much younger than the curate, perhaps not more than twenty-five.

Tina flew back to her table and seized her pen.

"My own darling Mimi,—What do you think?" she began to write. Then old Betty opened the door and announced, "A gentleman wishes to see you, miss—Mr. Charles Ward," and in walked a tall, big stranger, with a roll of papers in his hand.

"I must beg you to pardon my intrusion," began Charles Ward, apologetically.

But silly little Tina stopped him immediately.

"Oh, it's no matter—it doesn't signify," she murmured.

Charles Ward looked at her with rather a puzzled air. How very young this authoress looked! He imagined she had been writing these twenty years, but no doubt he was mistaken.

"I believe I am addressing Miss Rivers?" he said.

"Yes, yes," replied Tina. "Yes—that is to say, I—my aunt——"

She paused. She had just succeeded in getting rid of her color, but now it came back as really as ever.

"I came to ask your permission to publish one of your songs, which I have set to music," said Charles Ward.

"Oh!" said Tina, full of wonder.

One of her songs! Was the man mad? She instinctively grasped her pen tighter, and Charles Ward of course imagined that she was in the act of composing, and thought how eccentric literary ladies were, and yet how pretty and attractive this particular literary lady was.

"Directly I read your song, I fell in love with it," he began to explain; "I set it to music, and now I have a great desire to publish it. I am a musician," he went on, as Tina made no remark, "the organist of Stanley Cathedral, and as I was passing—I ought to have written—but I thought——"

He stopped, stammering. He could not precisely say that curiosity to see a literary lion who lived a perfectly secluded life had brought him hither.

"Oh, it doesn't matter," said Tina again.

"But have I your permission to publish the song?" asked Ward.

He admired Miss Rivers very much, but, after all, he had gathered nothing tangible from his visit.

"Yes, yes," said Tina hurriedly. "I mean—if my aunt—I'll ask—I can't say."

She almost began to wish that all men were curates, always in church, where one can see them without having to talk to them so much.

"Perhaps I might try it over and see if you approve," suggested the stranger, whose keen eyes had long ago detected the piano. "If you are fond of music," he added dubiously.

Tina dropped her pen and clasped her little hands.

"There is nothing in the world I love like music," cried she. "And I never hear any now!"

"Then may I sing this to you?" said Ward.

He went to the piano, and Tina followed him. The instrument looked very old and the keys were yellow.

"I'm afraid it's not a very good one, and I should think it was out of tune," said Tina.

She leaned forward and struck a chord or two. But the sound was not particularly displeasing, and Ward quickly seated himself, opened the roll of paper in his hand, played the opening bars, and began singing. Tina listened, entranced. When the song came to an end, she cried, "Thank you, thank you," but she gave no permission for the song to be published, and Charles Ward, who was beginning to be much impressed with her beauty and her oddity, begged her to try the song herself.

"No doubt you can read music, and this is a soprano song," he said. "Yours is a soprano voice, surely?"

Tina demurred a little. She was out of practice, she said; had not opened her lips for weeks, was not quite sure that she had not a little cold. But she was presently induced to try.

Ward played the opening bars again, and Tina, more at her ease vocally than conversationally, began to sing.

She had just sung the last note and Ward was still playing a few chords, when the door suddenly opened and Aunt Blanche stood before them, her dripping umbrella in her hand and a look of intense surprise upon her face.

Aunt Blanche had once been a handsome woman, but her complexion had become coarse and her features sharp, and Charles Ward thought her positively hideous as she stood there confronting him, wet, splashed with mud, and frowning.

This was the duenna of the place, he perceived—the tyrant who kept the lovely young scribe shut up in close seclusion: horrible, gaunt, grim gorgon, in her goloshes and her straight, soaked cloak!

"Justina!" cried Aunt Blanche.

But Tina, completely terrified, had sought refuge behind the stalwart form of the musician, and stood there shivering but invisible. Aunt Blanche, however, knew that she was there.

"Justina," she demanded, "have you and this gentleman ever met before?"

Tina could not reply; she was on the verge of tears. Charles Ward looked over his shoulder at her, and immediately took her part as became a man.

"No, madam, we have never met before," he said. "I ventured to call on Miss Rivers to ask permission to publish one of her songs."

Aunt Blanche looked hard at him; she was amused, confounded. What deceit, what hypocrisy was this? For the first time in her life she made use of an emphatically unladylike expression.

"Gracious goodness, what next?" she exclaimed. "Pray, sir, were you not my niece's music-master at school?"

Charles Ward drew himself up and looked very angry.

"Madam," he replied haughtily, "I have given you my word once; and you will excuse me if I decline to make any further explanation. My business," he added, with great emphasis, "is with Miss Rivers."

"Then pray may I ask why you don't address yourself to Miss Rivers?" inquired Aunt Blanche.

She was beginning to comprehend the situation, and the twinkle in her eye showed that she could sometimes recall the time when she published her volume of "Songs of Love and Honor."

"I have been doing so," said the stranger. "Miss Rivers was doing me the honor of singing the song I have composed to her words, and I was in hopes of obtaining her leave——"

But this was more than Aunt Blanche could stand. "Leave!" she cried. "Leave! Justina, what does all this mean? Come forward at once, child and explain yourself."

But to tell Tina to explain herself—silly little Tina, who had never been able to explain clearly what an island was, how Charles I. came to his death—was as futile as if Aunt Blanche had desired the sun to shine through a fog.

The poor child came a step forward, and then burst into tears and covered her face with her trembling hands.

Aunt Blanche looked at her, and then at the stranger, and Ward looked at the pretty, shrinking form at his side, and then at the drenched and ugly woman before him. Then he he saw the twinkle in Aunt Blanche's eye, and a glimmer of the truth began to dawn upon him.

"I am afraid there is some mistake," he said gravely.

"I am afraid it is a case of mistaken identity," returned Aunt Blanche.

"Are you Miss Rivers? Did you write the song?" asked Ward.

"Show me the song in question and I'll tell you," said Aunt Blanche. "I did indeed write a book called "Songs of Love and Honor," but my niece may have written the song you speak of. Pray show it to me."

Tina began to cry again, withered by her aunt's sarcasm, but Aunt Blanche was not unkind at heart.

The song was here, undeniably, and she readily gave Ward the permission he had come to seek.

Then he took his leave; there was no other course for him to pursue. Aunt Blanche gave him her hand frankly.

"If you are ever passing again and like to look in," she said, "we shall be glad to see you. You will know then which of us is which."

So he departed, and Tina heaved a long sigh.

"Why do you sigh, child?" said Aunt Blanche. "Why don't you help me off with my cloak instead? Dear, dear! my umbrella has made a pool on the carpet, and the young man has left his music behind him, I declare! Well, cheer up, Justina! I haven't the smallest doubt that he will return for his music."

"I wish he would! It was like a novel while he was here," thought Tina, as she carried away her aunt's dripping possessions; and she began to frame all manner of grand speeches which she would make to him, if he came, explanatory of her strange behavior during their first interview. But she made none of them, although Charles Ward did return the very next day—for his music—and went on returning pretty often all through the autumn. There was never any convenient season for Tina's set speeches, and when she wrote her Christmas letter to her darling Mimi, she was obliged to confess, "I've never told him the whole story yet!"

"Yes, yes," Aunt Blanche was saying to the musician at that very moment. "Tina is a little goose, but she is a sweet child, and God bless you both!"

And then a queer expression came over Aunt Blanche's face and she looked like a wintry sunset, and Charles Ward (who was a sensible young man in the main) actually kissed her.

For elderly people, you know, even when their complexions have become coarse and their features sharp, have hearts packed snugly away behind their common sense and knowledge of the world; and Ward had found out Aunt Blanche's heart, and when he had found it out, he ceased to think her ugly or a gorgon.

But did he stop short at kissing the aunt?

I have good reason to believe not. For, in the spring, I heard that Tina was married and that her new surname began with a W.

BENEFIT OF LAUGHTER.—Probably there is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood-vessels (life-vessels) of the body that does not feel some wavelet from that great convulsion (hearty laughter) shaking the central man. The blood moves more lively—probably its chemical, electric, or vital condition is modified—it conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body as it visits them on that particular mystic journey, when the man is laughing, from what is does at other times. And so, we doubt not, a good laugh may lengthen a man's life, conveying a distinct stimulus to the vital forces. And the time may come when physicians, attending more closely than at present they are apt to do, to the innumerable subtle influences which the soul exerts upon its tenement of clay, shall prescribe to a torpid patient "so many peals of laughter, to be undergone at such and at such time," just as they now do that far more objectional prescription, a pill, or an electric or galvanic shock; and shall study the best and most effective method of producing the required effect in the patient.

Tears are the softening showers which cause the seed of heaven to spring up in the human heart.

THE BROOKLET.

BY C. M. A.

Silvery brooklet, bright and clear,
On, for ever on, thou flowest,
Tell me standing musing here,
Whence thou comest, whither goest?

From the dark rock's hidden bed
Over flower and moss I hie,
On my mirror-breast is spread
Image of the azure sky.

Therefore like a child I roam
Careless of whate'er betide;
He who called me from the stone,
He, methinks, will be my guide.

Up in a Balloon.

BY J. O. THOMAS.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a hot day in July; not a breath of air was stirring, and the sun shone with a blinding glare on the white facade of Champfleury Court, and its flowerbeds in front of the drawing-room windows.

"Just look, Aunt Diana, at Fitzroy, running about in this blazing sun!" said a soft voice, as a young girl, whose slender figure was clothed in some soft white material, lifted the Venetian blinds and looked out.

"The dear boy will kill himself some day, in pursuit of one of his hobbies," said Miss Diana de Champfleury, a maiden lady of severe aspect, looking up from her embroidery.

"I am really afraid that he will," said her niece. "Let me see: he has been blown up once during a chemical experiment," checking off each disaster on her fingers; "took strychnine by mistake in the course of his toxicological investigations, and was only saved with great difficulty; then he was arrested while at St. Petersburg on suspicion of being a Nihilist, and plotting against the Czar's life, in the pursuit of alchemy; and knocked on the head by a ticket-of-leave man in studying phrenology; not to mention such trifling things as a broken collar-bone, rheumatic fever, and bronchitis, induced by his zeal in hunting, rowing, and pedestrianism."

"Well," said the old lady; "he is at present engaged in a harmless pursuit, that is, if he does not get a sun-stroke. But here he comes."

"I have got him!" cried a middle-aged gentleman, rushing into the room, throwing off his Panama hat, and mopping his face with a red silk pocket-handkerchief, "a splendid specimen of the Polyommatus Bellargus!"

"Let me see it," said the young girl, looking with curiosity at the little box in which the unfortunate insect was breathing its last, amidst the fumes of chloroform.

"Impossible, my dear Mary," replied Sir Fitzroy; "when I have 'set him,' you shall see, but he would begin to flutter, and so injure his wings, were you to open the box now."

Although brother and sister, they were singularly unlike.

Mary was the younger by seventeen or eighteen years, and her pale refined face, and slender form, little resembled Sir Fitzroy's round, rubicund visage, and short, thickset figure.

Perhaps it was owing to the numerous hobbies which Sir Fitzroy de Champfleury rode to death, that no thoughts of marriage had entered his head.

In vain was the net spread before him by bewitching maidens and fascinating widows—his time was too fully occupied for him to notice their attempts to charm him.

It was now reluctantly agreed upon by the county families that Sir Fitzroy was not a marrying man.

In case he should die without leaving a son to perpetuate his name, the baronetcy would descend to a distant cousin, but the estates, which were not entailed, would go to his sister Mary, involving a rent-roll of many thousands a year. So Mary, apart from her beauty and grace, was a presumptive heiress, and many were the aspirants to her hand who flocked to Champfleury Court, and vied with each other in claiming her for a dance at the county balls.

Among the foremost of her admirers was Lord Oldcastle, whose land adjoined her brother's, and who, in addition to a long pedigree, possessed considerable wealth and an agreeable exterior.

Mary had had one season in London, and it was noticed that among her partners Lord Oldcastle was the one whom she seemed to like the best, but July came, and she returned to Champfleury Court with her aunt, unengaged, and "fancy free."

As far as Sir Fitzroy could devote a thought to anything beyond the reigning hobby, he desired that his sister should bestow her hand upon their neighbor, and so unite their estates.

"I am glad, Mary, that you have not come back in love with any penniless Government clerk, for I would never have given my consent," said he, laughing, a few days before our story opens.

Mary smiled.

"I sometimes think, Fitzroy, that I should like to be a poor man's wife, and live in a nice little villa in Bayswater or St. John's Wood," said she; "the life of a great lady is so irksome—never a moment to oneself, and always entertaining a host of dull, uninteresting people one does not care for."

"Pooh, nonsense, child," said Sir Fitzroy, "you, of all people, are the least suited to lead a life of poverty. Cold mutton every day, a maid-of-all work, twelve young children, bah!" and with a gesture of disgust he went off to arrange his butterflies.

Aunt Diana looked very graciously upon Lord Oldcastle, whenever he came to Champfleury Court, and turned a deaf ear to certain stories of his wildness, which her gossips, Lady Wrinkleham and Mrs. Parkshawe, whispered to her over their five-o'clock tea.

"What he wants is a good wife, to keep him straight," she would say, thinking to herself all the time, "Don't you wish you could catch him for one of your daughters?"

Miss Wrinkleham was, unfortunately, the young man's senior by ten or twelve years, and Miss Parkshawe had red hair and green eyes, therefore they were "out of the running;" but, nevertheless, their mothers did not think so, and to set Miss Diana against Lord Oldcastle was, they thought, a step in the right direction.

Autumn came on, and Sir Fitzroy began to find a scarcity in his little winged victims; except a red admiral or peacock butterfly now and then, rendered sleepy by the cold nights, there was absolutely nothing for him to catch, and he began to look out for some other distraction.

Now was the time for any enterprising female who wished to become Lady Champfleury to go in and win.

Although there were no more painted ladies (Cynthia Cardui) of the insect tribe to be had, there were many human specimens of the genus ready to settle down on Champfleury Court as their butterfly sisters might on a peculiarly tempting flower.

Among these were the three Miss Weeks, who, with their mother, came to spend a few days at the Court during the shooting season.

Each of the young ladies had her own particular line.

Miss Clara Weeks, the eldest, went in for spiritualism, mesmerism, and fortune-telling; she also told the most blood-curdling ghost stories, and had had, at different periods of her life, the honor of being visited by several denizens of the other world.

Miss Dora Weeks was all body, as her sister was all soul; a jolly girl with the constitution of an ostrich.

She would dance all night, and then be up with the lark next morning, ready for a picnic, water-party, or any other form of amusement which might offer itself; weather had no power in dispiriting Miss Dora Weeks.

Did a water-party end in a superfluous amount of that element descending from the skies on the heads of the pleasure-seekers, Miss Dora, in an ulster, and unfurling a neat little umbrella, was impervious to sore throats, bronchitis, and all the other ailments supposed to attend upon upon getthoroughly wet through, and she would declare the party to have been such fun, when the other guests of the weaker sex were in bed with influenza.

At a school treat she was invaluable, no tea-pot was heavy enough to tire her robust arm, and she exhibited a twenty-curate power in playing at games with the children afterwards.

Miss Blanche Weeks was an infant, just out of the school-room, and her line at present was white muslin and simplicity, but she was preparing to appear in the character of

"A red-haired and Scottish young girl,
A twisting and twining, and sapping and mining
And dangerous sort of young girl."

But this transformation was not to take place just yet, but only if Miss Blanche found that she did not successfully establish herself by means of the simplicity.

Their mother, as may be imagined, had all her work cut out for her, in acting as chaperon to these young ladies.

The Weeks family were not rich, and upon her devolved the payment of the bills which her daughters ran up in the lightness of their hearts, besides which, they insisted upon having a dance at their own house now and again, poor Mrs. Weeks having to manage as best she could with an insufficient staff of servants, and a lack of ready money.

Their house, too, did not belong to them, but had been left to them by an aunt: in a short time the lease would fall in, when they would be obliged to retire to some suburban villa, and renounce the gaieties in which they delighted.

Therefore, when they were invited to Champfleury Court they determined to make a strong effort to capture the heart of the volatile Sir Fitzroy.

Clara was to have the first chance, being the eldest.

The other people staying in the house were a bishop, a poet; Mr. Thistledown, the bishop's chaplain, a mild young man with pink eyes; two of Mary's London partners, Mr. Hoppe and Mr. Prance; and Lady Honoria More, a crony of Miss Diana's; Miss Dora Weeks, following some process of natural selection, fastened upon Mr. Thistledown as her prey.

"Fond of lawn-tennis?" she inquired in a loud, cheerful voice, as she seated herself at the dinner table on the first night of their arrival at the Court.

"Well, no," drawled Mr. Thistledown, "it is too violent exertion for me. I prefer to pass these golden September afternoons in silent meditation and in a recumbent position."

"What, in bed?" cried Miss Dora, in astonishment.

"Oh, no," replied he, "I have a leopard skin carried out upon the lawn, and I lie there for hours, sometimes with Apuleia's 'Basilicon' for a companion. Do you know it?"

"No, I have heard of things called lazy-tongs," said Cora, "but this is some new invention, I suppose."

"Not know the 'Basilicon!'" cried Mr. Thistledown, in a pained voice. "Oh, if you knew all its sweetness!"

"It must be some kind of tonic medicine the poor man means," thought Dora, "he seems very delicate, certainly."

Then aloud, "I see you are eating nothing, Mr. Thistledown; let me persuade you to try some of the salmi, it is excellent."

"Thanks, no," returned the poet faintly. "A glass of water and a little fruit form my usual meal."

Miss Dora stared at him with large, surprised blue eyes; she had a very good appetite herself, and could hardly realise such a state of things.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the table Miss Clara was commencing the attack on Sir Fitzroy.

"Do tell me," said she, "the latest news of the Gloaming Castle mystery. You know, of course, that Lady—— saw an old man without a head sitting on the dressing-table, as she came into her room one night?"

"No, really," said Mr. Hoppe, breaking in upon the conversation eagerly, "you don't say so! Arthur Gloaming told me that he always sees an old woman going upstairs before him, every night when he goes to bed, but I never heard that an old man had been seen!"

From ghost stories Clara easily proceeded to spiritualism, and at once made a convert of Sir Fitzroy, who was, as has been said, on the look-out for a new hobby.

"We will have a seance directly after dinner," he cried rapturously.

"These mysteries must be approached in a proper spirit," said Clara gravely. "I sometimes think, if mamma will allow it, of retiring to the top of a Welsh mountain, and spending several weeks in qualifying myself to be a medium, by fasting and meditation."

She said this with the air of an inspired prophetess, and with a wild gleam in her eye, which made Lady Honoria whisper to the Bishop, "Dear, dear, that eldest Miss Weeks is not quite right in the head, I am afraid."

Just then Miss Diana rose, and the ladies followed her example.

"Well, dear," said Mrs. Weeks to Clara, "how did you get on?"

"Capitally, mamma," said Clara, "we are to have a dark seance when the gentlemen come in. Where can I find Burke's 'County Families,' I wonder?"

"What for, dear?" said her mother.

"Why, to find out the names of Sir Fitzroy's relations who have died," said Clara. "Go and talk to Miss Diana while I find my way to the library."

By the time the men came into the drawing-room Clara was seated in a graceful attitude on an ottoman, looking at some photographs which Mary de Champfleury was showing her.

Lord Oldcastle came up to them. He was a prize worth winning, thought Clara regretfully, comparing his height and slender limbs with Sir Fitzroy's short, puffy figure as he stood talking to the Bishop on the hearthrug.

But then the young man was so obviously over head and ears in love with Mary. He had no eyes for any one else.

"It would be waste of time," thought Clara, surveying a distant reflection of her own magnificent figure in a mirror opposite to her, and comparing it with Mary's slight, girlish form.

"Are the spirits propitious to-night, Miss Weeks?" asked Lord Oldcastle, with a smile.

He had met her at London balls, and "was up to her tricks," as he said to himself.

"It depends upon the state of mind in which they are approached," said Clara severely.

"This way, ladies and gentlemen, for the dark seance," cried Mr. Prance, bustling about the room and arranging the chairs in a circle.

Both he and Hoppe wished to sit next to Mary, while Lord Oldcastle was equally determined that he would be her neighbor.

"You will frighten away the spirits, Prance, going on in that way," said Sir Fitzroy. "Now, are all ready?"

"The Bishop, Lady Honoria, Mrs. Weeks, and myself, are going to play at whist," said Miss Diana frigidly.

"All right; have the lamps taken into the pink drawing-room then," said Sir Fitzroy. "We are going to be in the dark."

"Perhaps you would like to remain with your daughters, Mrs. Weeks?" said Miss Diana. "We can play at dummy whist then."

"Oh no, thank you," said Mrs. Weeks nervously; it was as much as her place was worth to be in the way when her daughters were on the war-path.

Therefore the Bishop and his party retired.

Mary sat between Lord Oldcastle and the chaplain, Mr. Smith; next to him came Miss Blanche Weeks and Mr. Hoppe; then Miss Dora and Mr. Thistledown; then the wretched Prance, with none to flirt with; and finally Sir Fitzroy and Clara.

The lamp was placed behind a screen, and turned down; they were in almost complete darkness, but one could distinguish faintly the outlines of each individual's form.

"Oh, I am so frightened!" murmured Miss Blanche.

"Never mind, I am as bold as a lion," said Mr. Hoppe.

"Rather slow, isn't it?" whispered Miss Dora to her neighbor.

Lord Oldcastle hoped the spirits would keep them a long time waiting, it was so delightful to be near Mary.

"Hang it all, I shall go to sleep soon," muttered the injured Prance, as they sat round the table in solemn silence. Then there was heard a rapping.

"A, b, c, d, e, f, g," interpreted Miss Clara, as the rapping ceased at that letter being named. Then one by one, amid breathless excitement, was rapped out the word grandmamma.

"Oh, I can't bear this!" cried Prance, taking out his handkerchief, and pretending to cry. "Whose?"

"Hush," said Miss Clara, "you will break the link between us and the spirit world."

Then again the rapping loudly commenced.

"S, i, r," continued the medium, "F, i, t, z, r, o, y, 's — Sir Fitzroy's," triumphantly.

"This is wonderful!" whispered the worthy baronet.

At last the message was fully delivered:

"Grandmamma, in the happy, happy spheres of light, thinks of her lonely Fitzroy."

"By Jove!" said Lord Oldcastle, in a low voice to Mary," "that's good!"

"Lonely," thought the puzzled host; "I never thought myself lonely before."

Then the message from the other world continued:

"She watches over him, and says farewell before mounting to the seventh sphere."

Then all was silence.

Suddenly Clara gave a little moan, and caught hold of Sir Fitzroy's arm.

"I am not very well," she murmured, "these seances exhaust me. Ah!" and Sir Fitzroy rose hurriedly, "Ring the bell, call Mrs. Weeks; she has fainted!"

Lights were brought by the alarmed servants, and Miss Clara was discovered in a very effective swoon, her long hair had somehow come down, and was displayed to great advantage.

"Poor darling!" cried her mother, who had been fetched from the whist-table in haste. "Leave her to me, Sir Fitzroy, leave her to me."

"She'd be considerably nonplussed if he were to take her at her word," said the heartless Oldcastle.

But Sir Fitzroy was as attentive as any chaperon could wish. A melancholy procession was formed, consisting of Miss Diana, Mrs. Weeks, and all the maids in the house, and the unconscious medium was carried upstairs.

"A most artful young woman," said Miss Diana with indignation, as she swept down the oaken staircase on her way to the drawing-room, having seen the young lady safely to her own room, where restoratives were applied, "a most artful young woman I shall keep my eye on her while she remains at the Court, which will not be a day longer than I can help."

CHAPTER II.

THE next morning the guests were assembled at breakfast. Champfleury Court was not one of those houses where you might come down when you liked.

No; under Miss Diana's stern rule breakfast was on the table at half-past nine o'clock, and if you did not come down then the old lady very soon let you find out that you had committed a great misdemeanor.

You might have breakfast in bed if you liked, and welcome, but to come down late "threw the servants out for the day," as Miss Diana remarked.

Miss Clara, of course, had breakfast in bed, but Miss Dora was to the fore, fresh as a rose, and ready for amusement as usual.

Lord Oldcastle had walked over this morning; indeed, he might as well have stayed at the Court altogether, as he was always there, but he had some guests of his own—men who had come down for the shooting—and was obliged, very reluctantly, to look after them sometimes.

But where was the host? The butler believed Sir Fitzroy had stepped out for a stroll.

Miss Diana frowned, but went on pouring out the tea.

"Will your sister be sufficiently recovered to go to the Lawn-Tennis Club ball to-night?" she inquired coldly of Dora.

"Well, I hardly know," replied that young maiden cheerfully, "but if she isn't, I'll do my best to accomplish her share of the dancing as well as my own."

"That you will, I'll be bound, Miss Dora!" said Mr. Prance, "and I hope you will give me a dance or two in the course of the evening."

"You are going?" said Lord Oldcastle.

"Of course," said Mary, to whom his question was addressed, "it is the great event of the year in this part of the world."

"You will give me the first waltz?" imploringly.

"Certainly," said Mary, with a smile, then walking towards the window she said, "It is very strange that my brother has not come in to breakfast!"

"Suppose we go and look for him," said Lord Oldcastle, hoping the others would not follow.

However, breakfast being over, the whole party came out upon the terrace, including the Bishop, and they looked vaguely about, as if expecting Sir Fitzroy to spring out of the ground suddenly.

"Where can he be?" repeated Miss Blanche Weeks, for the seventh time.

"Quite a 'Lost Sir Massingberd' business," said Mr. Hoppe; "have you ever read it? Fellow turns up years after in the trunk of an old tree."

"Look at all the cows collected together in one place. They seem to be holding a meeting among themselves," said Mr. Prance.

"By Jove! I vote we go and see what is the matter," said Hoppe.

Now the flower garden was divided from the park by a "ha-ha," and the cows had congregated in the species of grass-covered ditch, and seemed to be surveying some object therein with surprise and curiosity.

Mr. Hoppe swarmed down the bank, and then re-appeared making signals of distress.

All hurried to the spot, and found the prostrate form of Sir Fitzroy, with the mowing-machine on the top of him.

"All right, old fellow," he called cheerily, "I'm not much damaged; only my ankle is sprained, I think, and I couldn't get up with this confounded thing on top of me."

It appeared that, wishing to give himself an appetite for breakfast, he resolved to take a few turns with the mowing-machine, and his zeal overcoming his judgment, he went too near the bank, lost his balance, and fell down.

He was completely invisible from the house, and had not the cows come to look at him, might have remained there for some time longer, as it was the hour when the gardeners retired to the kitchen for a glass of beer.

"An infernal machine indeed!" said Lord Oldcastle, helping the victim to rise, and he was then led limping into the house. His ankle was very badly sprained, and Miss Diana sent for the doctor, who said that he must keep perfectly quiet for two or three weeks, as one of the small bones was broken.

With a very rueful face Sir Fitzroy suffered himself to be established on the sofa.

"Nothing could be more fortunate," said Mrs. Mrs. Weeks, entering her daughter's room, and giving her an account of the accident. "Here is Sir Fitzroy tied by the leg for a fortnight or so, during which time you will tell his fortune, and that sort of thing. Of course you must not go to the ball to-night. I will tell Miss Diana that you are still far from well, and you will remain to entertain Sir Fitzroy."

Clara gave a regretful thought to the exquisite ball-dress which she was to have worn, then she said, with a sigh, "You are right, I suppose I must remain an invalid for to-day."

That evening the whole party started in the highest spirits for the Lawn-Tennis Club ball, except Clara Weeks, Miss Diana and the Bishop.

There was, however, quite a controversy between Miss Diana and Mrs. Weeks, as to who should stay at home.

The former, who had strong suspicions as to the reality of Clara's indisposition, determined to mount guard over Sir Fitzroy, while the latter was of course anxious to remain, as she would engage the Bishop in conversation, leaving the coast clear for Clara's operations.

It was in vain that she feebly remonstrated, saying that she would not for worlds keep Miss Diana from the ball, and that Lady Honoria would be an excellent chaperon for her girls.

Miss Diana sternly remarked that there was no chaperon like a mother, and her mind was fully made up to stay at home.

Fortune, however, favored Clara, for within half an hour after the company had departed, Miss Diana was seized with violent neuralgia, to which she was subject, and was compelled to retire to bed, leaving Sir Fitzroy and Clara alone, save for the presence of the Bishop, who placidly dozed over The Guardian for the rest of the evening.

Miss Clara made the most of her time. Sir Fitzroy began to think her one of the most fascinating women he had ever met.

Meanwhile her sisters were enjoying themselves after their manner.

Dora was dancing high and disposedly, with one of the officers of a cavalry regiment stationed in the neighborhood.

Blanche was sitting out with Mr. Smith, the Bishop's chaplain, who did not think it right to dance round dances, but did not object to a mild flirtation.

Mr. Hoppe and Mr. Prance had found congenial partners; and Lord Oldcastle, who had made up his mind that to-night should decide his fate with Mary, was extremely disappointed to see her carried off by a stranger, and a very good-looking stranger too.

"Who is that fellow?" he asked, supercilliously, of one of his chums, who was leaning against the wall in an exhausted manner, although he had not danced once.

"Came with Lady Wrinkleham's party; his name's Gray, makes balloons, I believe," said the young man.

Lord Oldcastle made no answer, but retired in disgust to the garden, which was lit by colored lamps, placed in rows along the paths and round the flower-beds.

The ball was given by the President of the Lawn-Tennis Club, an old Indian officer, whose daughters were very enthusiastic about the game, and the house was an admirable one for the purpose, as there was a large room, with a polished floor, especially intended for dancing, and opening out of it was a splendid conservatory, designed by the host, and of which he was very proud.

There was a fountain in the middle, and an aviary, containing some beautiful foreign birds, at the farther end.

In this seductive spot Mary and her partner were seated under the shadows of a palm-tree.

"He seems to be making himself very agreeable, confound him!" said Lord Oldcastle; to his surprise the sentiment was echoed, but in stronger terms, by a remarkably fine parrot, just behind him.

There were several of these interesting birds in the conservatory, and, having been disturbed in their first sleep by the lights and music, they kept up a running commentary on the soft nothings which were uttered by the guests, who had chosen this place for a quiet flirtation.

"Let us take a turn in the garden," said Mary's partner, rather disconcerted by the way in which his remarks were interrupted, and they left the conservatory, followed by a volley of the most unparliamentary language on the part of the parrots.

"This is our dance, I think, Miss de Champfleury," said Lord Oldcastle desperately.

"Is it really?" said Mary. "I have lost my card, but I fancied it was the next."

She took Lord Oldcastle's arm, however, and, instead of going towards the house, he took a path leading in the opposite direction.

Gray remained looking after her white figure with a look of admiration.

"Let me find you a partner, Mr. Gray," said one of the daughters of the house, as she passed him with Mr. Hoppe.

"Thank you, I am resting on my oars for a time," said Gray; "how jolly these lamps look!"

"Yes, they have a very good effect," said she.

"I have only had one dance with you this evening," said Lord Oldcastle, as he and Mary found themselves alone, having wandered to some distance from the house. "You seemed to find the balloon-maker very agreeable," bitterly.

"Balloon-maker!" repeated Mary; "what do you mean? Oh, I see—Mr. Gray. He does not make balloons, he is an aeronaut."

"Well, I've known you longer than this aeronaut, and I think I've more right to a dance than he has."

"Surely, I may dance with whom I like," said Mary.

"The fact is," cried the young man impetuously, "I can't bear to see you dancing with any one else. I'm so awfully fond of you, Mary, you must have seen how I cared for you!"

"I am so sorry—why did you say this?" said Mary. "Please do not speak to me of it again."

In her agitation, she did not notice that her light tulle ball-dress had swept over one of the lamps which bordered the path but some one else did.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CALLS IN EGYPT.

WHILST traveling in Egypt I happened to be in Cairo during a principal feast, when I had the pleasure of being present at a reception held by the wife of the Khedive.

At four o'clock in the afternoon three other ladies and myself drove to the "Winter Palace" of the Viceroy.

One of my friends was the wife of one of the consuls, and she had promised to make the necessary presentation.

We drove into the interior courtyard, and were received by a black eunuch, who took us into a fine vestibule profusely decorated with gold and colors, mirrors and plants, and furnished with some very handsome cabinets.

A splendid staircase led to the upper story. At the foot of the stairs we were met by a female slave, in a plain dress of a light and fine material, who silently took us to the top of the stairs.

Here stood another maid equally silent, who led us through an apartment much decorated.

We then passed through several rooms. At every door we were received by a fresh slave, dressed like the first, in a plain light gown.

Some of them had silk handkerchiefs twisted round the head, and the hair, after Oriental fashion, was plaited in a great many small plaits, which fell down the back.

The presence of these silent attendants gave a peculiar tone to the surroundings, and did much to remove that impression of Europe which the style of the rooms to a certain extent gave.

Several of the apartments were furnished with gilt chairs and settees, upholstered in silk, such as may be seen in richer houses. At last we reached the reception chamber.

This was a large oblong room, with four high windows on one side, in front of which were placed divans covered in red velvet. The two end walls had similar divans along the whole length.

The walls were decorated with two or three large portraits. The carpets, rugs, and hangings were of dark red flowery velvet.

There were several large mirrors, and some handsome tables inlaid with ivory and mother of pearl. On one side of the room a number of chairs and settees had been placed in a semicircle, and here Her Highness sat surrounded by visitors. On our entrance all stood up, including Her Highness, who on our being presented kindly shook hands with us.

The Khedive's wife has a handsome and amiable face and most charming manners. She was dressed in European fashion, with much taste.

There was only one lady-in-waiting present, and she also was in European dress. Behind Her Highness a group of slaves were standing.

One of the slaves held a tray covered with a gold-embroidered velvet cloth, with cups of coffee. On the guests' arrival, the cups were handed round, one by one, in the hands of another slave, the one who held the tray standing on the same spot as still as a statue.

The stands of the cups, which were of enamelled silver and gold, were the shape of ordinary egg-cups; the cups were of china and small.

Cigarettes were also offered, but no one smoked, although Oriental ladies, as a rule, are fond of a little whiff. The conversation was carried on in French, several topics of the day being discussed.

As visitors were constantly coming and going, it was not easy to converse; but Her Highness had a kind word for everybody, and spoke pleasantly with those nearest to her.

When he left we were accompanied by slaves as on our arrival. Everything was silent and subdued—even our footsteps could not be heard on the soft, thick carpets.

Then we suddenly passed from semi-darkness into the bright Egyptian daylight, and were once again in the midst of the crowded and noisy streets of Cairo.

We then drove to the house of Ali Pasha, a leading government official. Having been allowed by the "Boab" to pass into the building containing the harem, we found here the same profound silence which had so impressed us in the Khedive's palace. Having passed through several apartments without seeing a single living being, my friend clapped her hands, and two women, in Arabian attire, appeared.

They recognized my friend and greeted us both in the kindest manner, first pressing our hands, and touching their lips and foreheads with their hands. We were invited to sit down and await the arrival of their mistress.

Here, too, the rooms were, to a great extent, European, with the exception of the divans, and some texts from the Koran, which ornamented the walls.

The lady of the house made her appearance in a few moments, dressed in a wide Oriental gown of dark material, and with a silk handkerchief on the head.

She received us both most courteously, and evidently did not expect an introduction.

Unfortunately, she only spoke Arabic; but I understood enough, by the aid of my friend, to answer most of her inquiries.

Coffee was handed round, but the servants and the hostess were plainer than at the Khedive's palace. When we left, our hostess gave us some lovely large roses, which she took from a vase.

I was here, as is nearly always the case in the East, when introduced by a friend of the house, received as an old acquaintance, and I must own to a considerable amount of admiration for the gentle and polished manners so frequently met with in the East.

THE WOMAN QUESTION.—"One thing," says Mr. Mill, "we may be certain of, that what is contrary to women's nature to do, they never will be made to do by simply giving their nature free play. The anxiety of mankind to interfere in behalf of nature, for fear lest nature should not succeed in effecting its purpose, is an altogether unnecessary solicitude. What women by nature cannot do, it is quite superfluous to forbid them from doing. What they can do, but not so well as the men who are their competitors, competition suffices to exclude them from, since nobody asks for protective duties and bounties in favor of women; it is only asked that the present bounties and protective duties in favor of men should be re-called. If women have a greater natural inclination for some things than for others, there is no need of laws or social inculcation to make the majority of them do the former in preference to the latter. Whatever women's services are most wanted for, the free play of competition will hold out the strongest inducement to them to undertake. And, as the words imply, they are most wanted for the things for which they are most fit; by the apportionment of which, to them, the collective faculties of the two sexes can be applied on the whole, with the greatest of valuable result.

CERTAIN house owners should profit by the experience of a wealthy Louisville widow, who rather than accept a fair rent for a dwelling kept the latter vacant. It remained so for months and eventually the boys in the neighborhood began breaking the windows with stones. Then somebody tore down and carried away the front fence. Perhaps other people concluded after this that the house was a stray one, for they tore down the stable and other outbuildings. The shutters, doors, windows, floors, etc., next disappeared. Large loads of brick began to leave the house, and in a short time all the neighbors had paved yards and side-walks. The walls crumbled away and fell in and in a short time scarcely a semblance of a house remained.

Scientific and Useful.

A NEW SAFETY GUN.—Experiments are being made in England with a new 'safety' gun which is said to be capable of discharging sixty shells a minute silently and invisibly. The gun is discharged by steam or vapor at a pressure of 300 pounds to the square inch.

MORTAR.—A mortar which it is claimed will stand in all sorts of weather is made of one bushel of unslacked lime and three bushels of sharp sand, to which is added one pound of alum mixed with one pint of linseed oil. The alum will counteract the action of frost on the mortar.

WOOD STONE.—A Swedish scientist claim to have discovered the secret of artificially petrifying wood, by which means he believes edifices may be built of wood and converted into stone. At present the cost is about $500 per cubic inch, so that the discovery does not promise an immediate revolution in building.

A PAPER LEATHER.—During the last twelve months, a paper leather to imitate calfskin has made its appearance, and seems likely to play an important part in the manufacture of portfolios and albums. It can be used for a variety of purposes, for toilet articles, bookbinding, etc. Real calf is expensive, but of great durability. This imitation calf is cheap, although it can hardly be expected to wear well.

CORROSION IN BOILERS.—An English electrician has invented a material which he calls alterion for the prevention of corrosion in boilers. The interior is coated with this, and currents of electricity are passed through the boiler, and from time to time reversed. The formation of the scale is prevented by a layer of hydrogen gas, which is deposited upon the inner surface of the boiler. The reversed currents reform the hydrogen into pure water, a thin layer of pure water being thus kept all around the boiler.

SWIMMING DRESSES.—A swimming dress, resembling a diver's suit, and made of double India-rubber, has been adopted in the German navy. On the chest is a valve through which air is blown into the interior of the dress, which covers the whole body and leaves only the face free. To prevent the swimmer from being too much tossed about by the sea, the space round the chest is especially large. The swimmer wears a belt, which divides the dress into two parts, to prevent a too great loss of air if the dress were torn about the legs, and consequent difficult in swimming. The swimmer wears shoes, with leaden soles, to secure his equilibrium, and for his defence a dagger, which is fastened to a girdle. The swimmers are to be employed for the blowing up of mines and hostile craft, and are provided with a box containing an explosive charge, which they fasten to the mine or craft and ignite.

Farm and Garden.

OATS FOR PIGS.—On the majority of farms oats are grown for the horses and colts, but pigs should always be thought of as sharers in this important muscle forming food.

TIME.—An excellent way to utilize dull days when little work can be done especially during cold or rainy weather, is to sharpen all the tools and implements, so as to have them ready for spring use. Give them a thorough cleaning, oil the machinery and keep them in a dry place.

THE CELLAR.—An excellent mode of purifying the cellar is to have the chimney extended from the cellar floor to the roof, with an open fire-place in the chimney. A few sticks of wood, just enough to produce a light fire occasionally, will then ventilate the cellar thoroughly, and also prevent dampness.

BUILDING BLOCKS.—A new kind of building blocks has been patented in Italy which are made of corn-cobs. The cobs are pressed into forms similar to bricks and held together by wire. A good soaking in tar makes them waterproof. They are very hard and strong, and weigh about one-third as much as a hollow-brick.

WHITEWASH.—The cellar cannot be whitewashed too often. It not only renders it clean, light and cheerful, but assists in preventing decomposition, as well as disinfecting it to a certain extent. The purification of the cellar is the most important matter of house-work in the winter as the cleaner the cellar the less liability of disease.

THE COWS.—The first thing to do next summer is to ascertain the exact amount of milk your cows are giving; next fall you will fatten one-third of those cows. Then buy a bull from a family of cows that are bred up to an $80 standard; breed him to your $25 cows and the average calf will make a $52 cow; continue this weeding and breeding and you will soon have an $80 herd.

GALLS.—An old jeamster of fifty years experience says he has never had a case of the galls upon his animals where the following preventive was adopted, which was simply to rub the collars inside, every few days, with a little neatsfoot oil, and the moment any dirt was found sticking like wax to wash it off with warm soapsuds and then oil. A yoke from oxen, or collar from a horse, should not be removed when brought into the stable from work until the sweat is entirely dry, and all chafed spots should be oiled.

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One's Neighbor.

"Refrain thy foot from thy neighbor's house, lest he weary of thee, and so hate thee." We read this injunction in Holy Writ, and there is very sound truth in it; we are all apt to demand too much of our neighbors, too much of their time and affection too, if they are friends as well as neighbors.

We expect them always to be glad to receive us, and to have time and inclination for our society for as long as we choose to bestow it on them, but we must remember that, though we may be at liberty and have ample leisure for paying lengthy visits, they may be quite differently situated.

They are not necessarily tired of us, nor wish to eschew our society altogether, because just now they gently hint at their engagements, or are "not at home" to visitors whenever you call—so tact must be exercised in leaving at once if you detect they are not at liberty to spend much time in your society, and everyone should try and find out their neighbors' ways in going to see them only when they know they are nearly certain of being at leisure, and at the hours they like best to receive visitors.

To be a really good neighbor demands the possession of many excellent qualities—tact, temper, discernment and consideration for other people's feelings; and if we possess all or some of these qualities, innumerable and never ending are the benefits we may confer on each other, and a great deal of pleasure will be the result.

But, because we are neighbors, we need not necessarily be close friends; we may be friendly enough to enjoy the pleasure of doing them little kindnesses, and receiving the same in return.

"If you want to like people, don't know them too well," says some one; and it is certainly true that very few bear knowing well.

Perhaps you have placed them on too high a pedestal; their agreeable manners and apparently amiable nature made us rate them too highly, and on closer acquaintance we find them sadly wanting in many Christian graces with which our fancy has endowed them.

On the other hand, very many reserved, shy people are only known and really appreciated when they become our near neighbors; they unbend then, and show by a hundred kindly acts that beneath that cold exterior lies a warm heart ever ready to do a kindness and to be a help to any one and everyone.

They love to do good "by stealth," and are painfully uncomfortable if it is found out or even known to their most intimate friends.

It is a great mistake on going to settle in a new place, whether for a long or short period, to rush too suddenly into people's arms. It is so easy to take people up, and so very difficult to drop them.

In fact, very many people will not be dropped, they make themselves so actively disagreeable if you try to avoid their society that you must perforce keep up a show of friendship, if nothing more. If they think there is anything to be gained by keeping up your acquaintance, they will take care that you do not shun them.

It is well to find out slowly and by degrees what neighbors really are before you allow them to be intimate. One soon begins to see if they are desirable or the reverse, and no disagreeableness ensues if little by little you see less of them.

There are very few neighbors, even if intimate friends, whom one cares to see every day; their society is apt to pall if one sees them too often.

In fact, friendship with near neighbors, however nice and charming they may be, is best sustained by not too constant intercourse. There are very few people we can see daily and do not tire of. One does not meet more than one or two of such in a life time.

A great difficulty with near neighbors is often that they are so easily offended; they feel (it may be purely imaginary) that you have slighted them; it was quite unintentional on your part, and proceeded purely from preoccupation or thoughtlessness, or a thousand other reasons which served to banish them from your mind just at that particular moment. Indeed, slights are more often than not unintentional, and are consequently never noticed by sensible persons.

It is certainly rather hard to define where gossip begins and real true legitimate interest in our friends and their concerns ends. We must, of course, take a proper interest in them, and cannot like them or be friendly without it.

We all have duties, and are bound to interest ourselves in the affairs and troubles of some of our neighbors.

We need not ask, in many cases, "who is my neighbor?" Everyone who is in trouble or need has a claim upon us.

The nature and method of making these claims good are always plain to the feeling heart, and while the neighbor may, as the receiver, be blessed in a way, we, as the doer or giver, will be blessed indeed.

Above all other features which adorn the female character, delicacy stands foremost within the province of good taste. Not that delicacy which is perpetually in quest of something to be ashamed of; which makes merit a blush, and simpers at the false construction her own ingenuity had put upon an innocent remark—this spurious kind of delicacy is far removed from good sense; but the high minded delicacy which maintains its pure, undeviating walk alike among women and the society of men, which shrinks from no necessary duty, and can speak, when required, with a seriousness and kindness, of things on which it would be ashamed to smile or blush; that delicacy which knows how to confer a benefit without wounding the feelings of another; which can give alms without assumption, and pains not the most susceptible being in creation.

The same Being that fashioned the insect whose existence is only discerned by a microscope, and gave that invisible speck a system of ducts and other organs to perform its vital functions, created the enormous mass of the planet thirteen hundred times larger than our earth, and launched it in its course round the sun, and the comet, wheeling with a velocity that would carry it round our globe in less than two minutes of time, and yet revolving through so prodigious a space that it takes nearly six centuries to encircle the sun!

The golden line is drawn between winter and summer. Behind all is blackness and darkness and dissolution. Before is hope, and soft airs, and the flowers, and the sweet season of hay; and people will cross the fields, reading or walking with one another; and instead of the rain that soaks death into the heart of green things, will be the rain which they drink with delight; and there will be sleep on the grass at midday, and early rising in the morning, and long moonlight evenings.

The habit of reflecting gives an longer life, which all that we see animates and embellishes. In this disposition of the soul everything becomes an object of thought. If the young botanist trembles with joy at the sight of a new plant, the moral botanist joys no less to see germinate around him truths with a much superior prize to that of an unknown flower.

Simplicity is the straightforwardness of a soul which refuses itself any reaction with regard to itself or its deeds. This virtue differs from and surpasses sincerity. We see many people who are sincere without being simple. They do not wish to be taken for other than what they are; but they are always fearing lest they should be taken for what they are not.

Thought is the seed of action; but action is as much its second form as thought is its first. It rises in thought, to the end that it may be uttered and acted. The more profound the thought, the more burdensome. Always in proportion to the depth of its sense does it knock importunately at the gates of the soul, to be spoken, to be done.

Hypocrites place religion chiefly in externals, in the outward practices of devotion, objectless, like machines, and performed as the service of thralls to God; among other things, they have the characteristic sign of being more alive to the religious life of others than to their own.

As in the greater world for man, so in the little world of man; as in the outward riches of the one, so in the inner treasures of the other; many possess much, and enjoy but little; many have much and use but little; others use much, and but little well.

Frivolous curiosity about trifles, and laborious attentions to little objects which neither require nor deserve a moment's thought, lower a man, who from thence is thought (and not unjustly) incapable of greater matters.

Though it is not incumbent upon thee to complete the work, thou must not therefore cease from pursuing it. If the work is great, great will be thy reward, and thy Master is faithful in his payments.

Humility is a virtue all preach, none practice, and yet everybody is content to hear. The master thinks it good doctrine for his servant, the laity for the clergy, and the clergy for the laity.

There was a time when all the evil that existed in the world was comprehended in one sinful thought of our first parent; and all the now evil is the numerous and horrid progeny of one little sin.

Humility is a fair and fragrant flower; in its appearance modest, in its situation low and hidden; it doth not flaunt its beauties to every vulgar eye, or throw its odors upon every passing gale.

We are saved from nothing if we are not saved from sin. Little sins are pioneers of hell. The backslider begins with what he foolishly considers trifling with little sins. There are no little sins.

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do, the more he is able to accomplish; for he learns to economize his time.

We are not more ingenious in searching out bad motives for good actions when performed by others, than good motives for bad actions when performed by ourselves.

Every man has an original and solitary character. None can either understand or feel the book of his own life like himself.

To-day is the only time in which to act; yesterday is gone forever; to-morrow never comes.

A slip of the foot may be soon recovered; but that of the tongue perhaps never.

He who bestows all his affections upon himself will never have cause to be jealous.

The World's Happenings.

An usher in a Kansas church has turned out to be a burglar.

Madrid theatres are allowed by law to use only the electric light.

There are 136 000 drink sellers in Belgium, or one to every ten families.

The sum total in the joint Vanderbilt strong box is posted up at $274,000,000.

A California grower has received a large order of apples to be shipped to Japan.

The Emperor of Germany during his stay in Rome received 5,000 begging letters.

There are 18 905 public houses in the London police district, and only 339 coffee stalls.

A permanent library composed solely of books written by women is to be established in Paris.

There is one school district in Douglas county, Kansas, in which the people refuse to have grammar taught.

Succi, the Italian, has entered upon another fast of 30 days. He is being watched over by a committee of 25 physicians.

A football match was recently played at Stockport, Me., at night by the aid of electric lights. There were 5,000 spectators present.

Agreeably to the wishes of the German Emperor the theatres have resolved to abolish all French theatrical terms which have crept into the language.

Parisian women have carried the watch-wearing mania to the point of wearing time-pieces as ornaments for the hair and instead of rosettes on their ball slipers.

A newspaper in the little town of Bodenbach, in Bohemia, which has been confiscated by the Government for the 200th time, has just celebrated the event.

"Can a man with a family work for $30 a month and be a Christian?" is a text which Rev. W. A. Pratt, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., is preaching with spirit and power.

More extraordinary egg eating is reported, this time from Crawfordsville, Ind., where Case Arnold devoured 63 raw eggs and then adjourned to a restaurant and ate a hearty meal.

A foolish New Englander, wanting to remove the charge from an old musket, heated the end of the ramrod and ran it into the barrel. Since then he has been going around with his arm in a sling.

New York bakers have many scaly men among them, according to one of the New York dailies. Some of this class of bakers have no scruples against putting bad eggs into cake and tainted meat into mince pies.

A new form of library has been started in Austria. A traveler may select a book at any railway station by depositing a small fee with the price of the book, and the book can be restored at the end of the journey.

The Amsterdam, N. Y., girl, aged 19, who, a few years ago, married a rich bachelor of 72, has begun suit for divorce. The couple lived together but a short time, on account, as the wife alleges, of her husband's cruel treatment.

Moses Jacobs is probably the richest newsboy in the world. He is 18 years old, and has sold newspapers for the past 14 years on the streets of Des Moines, Ia., during which time he has acquired $4,000 worth of real estate from his savings.

An attempt is to be made to have the cider clause in the Maine Prohibitory Liquor law repealed by the Legislature. The movement is in the interest of the farmers, who, it is asserted are making loud complaints against having apple juice continued under the ban.

A community in Nebraska opposed to lynching, recently, to teach him a lesson, gave a desperado what might be termed an introduction to Judge Lynch. They put a rope around his neck and pulled him into the air a few times. Then he was told to go and never return.

A mischievous youngster in Georgia dressed up a buzzard in some of his old clothes, leaving the wings free, so that the bird could fly, and then liberated it. The biped presented a curious sight and attracted a flock of crows, which attacked the poor bird and killed it.

Captain Seth B. McClellan, of Portland, Me., dreamed a few nights ago that his mother's house had been entered by burglars, and the next morning visited the place and went down into the cellar. His vision was realized by a burglar, who knocked him senseless with a club.

Ireland no longer sends the greatest number of emigrants to this country, being behind Scotland and England. During the two months of 1888 ending in October there came 27,814 English and Scotch emigrants, against 25 772 from Ireland. The influx from Italy also bids fair to overshadow that from Ireland.

A toad story comes from Berkshire, England, where a colt which experienced difficulty in breathing underwent a surgical operation. As the animal still suffered it was put to death, and, while dissecting the carcass, "a fair-sized toad crawled out of the opening in the windpipe, and the extraordinary cause of the poor animal's sufferings became at once apparent."

A pathetic story comes from Minnesota of a young woman, who, for marrying against the wishes of her parents—wealthy Canadians—was cast adrift in the world. She, with her husband, then went to Dakota. He became dissipated, and, failing to provide for her, she started out to earn a living for herself and child, but she didn't succeed, and died recently in St. Paul of starvation.

A few days since a 12 year old son of John Bissell, of Gaston county, N. C., was out rabbit hunting along the Catawba river, when he found a steel trap. The little fellow had never seen anything of the kind before, so he started to examine it, when it closed with a snap, holding him fast by the arm. He set up a howl, which brought his father to the scene, but when within about ten feet of the boy a large trap clamped the father's foot. It required the assistance of another party to free them. Both were severely injured.

MY KING OF HEARTS.

BY CECIL LORRAINE.

My King of Hearts is tall and brave,
With noble, tender face,
A head of yellow, curly gold,
And limbs of strength and grace.

A heart of sterling, honest worth,
That daunted ne'er can be,
The world holds none so fond and true
As this dear love for me!

My King, who reigns with gentle sway
Deep in my wayward heart—
Who guards with jealous, tender care
Each better, truer part.

Who deems my lightest wish his law,
Who only lives to love;
Who tries with ev'ry day and hour
His loyalty to prove.

The Two Mottos.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY FLOYD VAIL.

TWO YOUNG MEN were standing in the diligence office at Cernay, where they had come to secure places for Kayserberg. Both appeared to be the same age (about twenty-four years); but their features suggested remarkable differences.

The smaller was dark, pale, quick in his movements, and manifested an impatience which betrayed, at the first glance, his southern origin; the second, on the contrary, face. light and ruddy, presented the complete type of that mixed race of Alsace, in which we find the communicativeness of the French tempered by the good-nature of the German. Both had small trunks at their feet, the addresses on which had been stamped in wax by their private seals. One of them read—

HENRY FORTIN, Marseilles.

And on the four corners, in the wax that bore the impression of the seal, this motto: "Mon Droit."

Upon the other appeared—

JOSEPH MULSEN, Strasburgh,

And for the motto of his seal, "Caritas."

The clerk had just inscribed their names upon the register, and added the essential designation, "With the trunks;" when Henry asked him to weigh one of them.

The clerk informed him that it would be done at Kayserberg.

But the young man urged the trouble such a formality would occasion upon his arrival, adding that he had the right to have it done immediately.

The clerk, thus pressed, became obstinate on his part. Joseph tried, in vain, to interpose, stating that scarcely sufficient time remained for them to dine. In virtue of his motto, the native of Marseilles never yielded when he believed he was right, and he believed it always.

The discussion was prolonged until the clerk, fatigued, desired to stop it, and returned to his desk.

Henry wished to continue it with the "faiseur;" but, luckily, the latter spoke only German. It was necessary, then, to resign himself to follow his companion to the inn, and upon him he turned his ill-humor.

"You would make a saint lose his soul!" he exclaimed, as soon as he found himself alone with him. "What! you would not take my part, even against this obstinacy!"

"It seems to me," replied Joseph, smiling, "I should have rather sustained the one that needed help; you piled up the arguments as though a lawsuit jeopardized your fortune or your honor."

"It is less important, in your opinion, to defend your rights!"

"When the rights are not worth the trouble of defending——"

"Ah! there you are!" interposed Henry, hotly; "it is necessary for one to jump at your throat before you think of defending yourself. Instead of regarding the world as a field of battle, you look upon it as a drawing room, where one displays one's politeness."

"No," said Joseph, "but like a large vessel, upon which the passengers owe to each other a friendship and a tolerance that is reciprocal. Every man is my friend until he has declared himself my enemy."

"And I esteem him my enemy until he has declared himself my friend. It is a precaution that has always been successful with me; and I advise you to have recourse to it at Kayserberg. We shall there be in the presence of the other heirs of our uncle, who will not fail to secure as much of the inheritance for themselves as they can. For my part, I have decided to make no concessions."

While speaking, the two cousins arrived at the inn, "The Cheval-Blanc." The dining-room, which they entered, was empty; but a large table was set at one end, and the hostess had only prepared places for three. Henry ordered her to add one for Joseph and one for himself.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said the woman, "we cannot serve you here."

"Why not?" demanded the young man.

"Because the persons whose places we have prepared desire to eat alone."

"Let them eat in their rooms, then," replied Henry, sharply; "this is the public dining-room and table; all travelers have the right to enter and to be served."

"What does it matter to us whether we eat in this room or in another?" asked Joseph.

"And what does it matter to these persons if we are here?" replied Henry.

"They came first;" objected the hostess.

"Then the first-comers make the law in your house!" exclaimed Henry.

"Besides, we are acquainted with these people."

"And you care more to please them than us?"

"You should know that when it is a question of business——"

"It is necessary that other travelers submit to their caprices?"

"We will serve you elsewhere——"

"With what remains after your three privileged ones, eh?"

The hostess appeared hurt.

"If you fear that you will get a poor dinner at "The Cheval-Blanc," there are other inns in Cernay," said she.

"That's just what I was thinking," replied Henry, taking his hat. And without listening to Joseph, who wished to restrain him, he disappeared.

Mulsen knew from experience that it was best to abandon his cousin to his whims, and that, on such occasions, all efforts to pacify but served to excite his militant disposition. He decided, therefore, to let him seek to gratify his appetite elsewhere, and to have himself waited on in an adjoining room. But, as he was about to enter it, the three people expected appeared in the parlor. They were an old lady, with her neice, and a man about fifty years of age, who seemed to be acting as their protector.

The hostess, who was relating to them what had just taken place, stopped suddenly at the sight of Joseph. The latter saluted, and attempted to retire. The gentleman that accompanied the ladies prevented him.

"I am sorry, sir," said he, good-naturedly, "for the scene that has just taken place. In asking to dine alone we wished to avoid certain guests whose conversation and manners might shock these ladies, but not to drive away passengers from 'The Cheval-Blanc,' as your friend appears to believe; and, to prove it, I pray you to seat yourself at the table with us."

Joseph wanted to defend himself by declaring that he was in no wise offended by a precaution which he found entirely natural; but Mr. Rosman, (that was the name given by the two ladies to the gentleman,) insisted, in a tone so open and benevolent, that he thought he ought to consent.

The old lady, who appeared to be unaccustomed to traveling, seated herself opposite him, with her niece, at the same time uttering a groan.

"Are you tired, Charlotte?" asked Mr. Rosman.

"Am I tired?" exclaimed the old lady; "passing an entire day in a conveyance that shakes you like a swing; eating out of regular hours; running all sorts of dangers, for I don't know how we escaped upsetting a hundred times—the diligence tilted all the while. Ah! Lord, I would give a year of my life if our journey were finished."

"Happily, the exchange is impossible!" remarked the young lady, who smilingly embraced her aunt.

"Yes, yes, you laugh at that," replied madam Charlotte, in a sulky tone, half affected; "young girls, now-a days, don't fear anything. They travel on railroads and on steamboats; they go in balloons; as if they were employed at the business. It is the Revolution that has made them so bold. Before the Revolution the bravest only went in a cart or on an ass. Still, something was liable to happen. I have often heard my departed mother say that she never wished to travel except on foot."

"Therefore, she never went outside of the principal places of the canton," remarked Mr. Rosman.

"That didn't prevent her being a worthy and happy woman," replied Madam Charlotte. "When a bird has built its nest, there it rests. To-day it is customary to be always going, which lessens one's love for fireside and family: one gets used to leaving them; one's home is everywhere. That is, perhaps, more advantageous to society, but it renders every one less good and less happy."

"Tut! tut! Charlotte, you are displeased with traveling, because of the jolting," said Mr. Rosman, gayly; "but I hope your prejudice will not hold before this soup: there is no better made at Fontaine: I appeal to your impartiality."

The conversation continued in this familiar manner. Joseph, at first, remained discreetly silent; but Mr. Rosman addressed him several times, and the conversation had become general, when it was announced that the diligence was about to start. All hastened to pay the hostess and regain the office.

Upon arriving there, Joseph beheld his cousin hurrying thither. The time that Mulsen had spent at the table, Henry had passed in going from one inn to another in Cernay, without finding anything prepared, and, finally, pressed for time, he was forced to buy some fruit and a roll.

This frugal repast, as might be supposed, did not mollify his temper. Joseph noticed it, and asked him no questions; besides, they had begun to call the passengers.

They were preparing to take their places when the clerk discovered that he had made a mistake in entering their names; that the seats in the conveyance were all taken.

"Full!" repeated Henry, "but you took our deposits."

"I will return them to you," replied the clerk.

"No, you won't!" exclaimed the young man; "the moment you accepted them you entered into a contract with us. I have a right to go, and go I shall."

While pronouncing these words, he seized the strap and gained the roof, where there was a vacant seat. The traveler to whom it belonged wished it, but Henry persisted that no one had the right to make him descend, and declared, if any one attempted to force him, he would meet the violence with violence. Joseph tried, in vain, to effect a compromise; but the Marseillian, who had been crabbed ever since the dinner he had eaten, was determined in his resolution.

"'Everyone for his rights,' he exclaimed; "that is my motto. Yours is 'Charity;' therefore, be charitable, if you wish. For my part I only pretend to be just. I have paid for this place; it belongs to me; I shall keep it."

The traveler whom he had displaced urged the priority of possession; but Henry, who was a lawyer, replied by quoting the law. Thus they remained some time, exchanging violent explanations, recriminations and threats.

Madam Charlotte, who heard all, uttered expressions of terror, and commenced to amplify her remarks against traveling in general, and public conveyances in particular. Finally Joseph, seeing that the discussion was becoming more and more exasperating, proposed to the clerk to give him a carriage in which he and the traveler might journey. The expedient was accepted by the parties interested, and the diligence departed.

It was in the month of December; the atmosphere, which was damp and cold at the time of departure, became still colder after sundown. Henry, accustomed to the sunshine of Provence, had buttoned his paletot up to his chin; yet he shivered, like a leaf, in the nocturnal mist. His face was blue; his teeth chattered. Soon a fine rain, driven by the wind, commenced to penetrate his garments. The traveler next to him, sheltered by an ample limousine, was able to protect him somewhat by giving him a portion of his cloak; but he was a stout merchant, very careful of his person, and very indifferent as to others.

When Henry had refused to give up the seat outside that he had seized, the stout man had approved of it, by declaring—"Every traveller for himself;" a rule the young man had then found perfectly reasonable, and to the application of which he now submitted. However, towards the middle of the journey, the merchant stuck his head out of his cloak, looked at his neighbor, and said to him:

"You appear to be cold, sir?"

"I am wet to the bones," replied Henry, who could scarcely speak.

The stout traveler snuck himself in his limousine, as if to better enjoy his comfortableness.

"It is very unhealthy to be wet," said he, philosophically. "Another time, I would advise you to have a cloak like mine; it is very warm, and not dear."

This counsel given, the stout man drew his chin into his cape, and was lulled voluptuously by the movement of the conveyance.

When the latter arrived at Kayserberg it was far into the night. Henry alighted; half-dead from cold, and gained the sitting-room of the inn, where he saw a fire burning; but, as he entered, he perceived that the hearth was surrounded by a circle of travelers, among whom were Joseph Mulsen and the stranger whose place he had taken. The cabriolet furnished by the clerk had taken them by a shorter route, and both had arrived a half-hour before.

At the sight of the sad state in which he found his cousin, Mulsen hastened to vacate his chair; as for the traveler dispossessed at Cernay, he could not restrain a burst of laughter:

"Parbleu! I ought to thank you sir, for driving me from my position, for, without your usurpation, I would find myself frozen in your place, instead of being warm in mine."

Henry was in too bad a condition to respond. He seated himself before the fire, and tried to warm himself.

As soon as he had somewhat recovered, he ordered a room and bed; but the fair had just ended at Kayserberg, and the inn was full of people who intended to leave the next day.

Joseph and his companion, although they had arrived before, had found but one bed, which the former had generously renounced in favor of the latter.

However, after many questions, and much research, an empty bed was found in one of the rooms of the hotellerie; but it was occupied by several colporteurs, who refused to allow any strangers among them.

"Have they hired the room for themselves alone?" demanded Henry.

"No," replied the innkeeper.

"Then you have the right to dispose of the vacant bed?"

"Without any doubt."

"Then, what reason do they give for refusing to admit another occupant?"

"They don't give any reason. All four appear like bad fellows, and nobody cares to have a quarrel with them."

Henry arose quickly.

"That is a weakness," he exclaimed; "for my part I will not pass a night without rest because it is agreeable to four strangers to monopolize the beds of your inn. Lead me to their room; it is necessary for them to listen to reason."

"Be careful, Henry," observed Mulsen, "they are rough and brutal men."

"And these vices give them the privilege of making us sit up all night!" asked the Marseillian. "No, parbleu! I will go to bed regardless of them."

He had taken his hat, and was about to go with the innkeeper; but Mr. Rosman, who had just been after a servant to carry his baggage, had heard the words exchanged between the two cousins. He advanced towards them, and said, in his free and genial manner:

"I see you are in want of a lodging for to-night, gentleman?"

"I shall not be, long," interrupted Henry, who wished to pass out.

"One moment," replied Mr. Rosman: "these men will perhaps reply to your reasonings by injuries; and you will have trouble to make them recognize your rights. Accept, instead a bed in my house, gentlemen; I live a few steps from here, and it will give me pleasure to receive you."

Henry and Joseph bowed and thanked him, but each in a very different manner; that of Mulsen was grateful and joyful: that of his companion, constrained, although polite.

He had not forgotten that Mr. Rosman was the original cause of the slim dinner he had made at Cernay.

"You are very obliging," said he, softening his tones, "but I do not want to cause you such trouble. It is best, besides, that those people should be taught a lesson, and that they should learn to respect the rights of travelers."

At these words, he bowed and took his way to the chamber occupied by the colporteurs, Mulsen followed; but whether the peddlers had modified their intentions, or the resolute manner of the Marseillian was too imposing, they contented themselves with a few murmurs, notwithstanding, when Henry retired.

His cousin, reassured, then decided to descend, and followed Mr. Rosman, who had the goodness to wait for him.

Upon arriving at the latter's house, he found Madam Charlotte and her niece, Louise, preparing tea before a wood fire. His companion said something, in an undertone, to the two ladies, who received the young man courteously. They forced him to seat himself at the table, while Louise filled the cups; as for Madam Charlotte, she had not yet recovered from the trouble occasioned by the journey. She pretended to feel in her chair the oscilla-

tions of the diligence, and recalled the rumbling of the wheels by the shaking of the tea kettle. She informed herself, however, as to what had become of the young man who, at Cernay, had taken the top of the diligence by storm; and Mr. Rosman related what had happened to him at the inn.

"Why, he is looking everywhere only for strife and law!" exclaimed madam Charlotte; "he is a man to flee from, as you would from fire."

"One cannot find a heart more upright," remarked Mulzen, "only everywuere he goes he follows his motto: 'Everyone for his rights.'"

"While yours is: 'Charity,' replied the old lady, smilingly. "Oh! I heard all at Cernay."

"Are you travelling together?" asked Mr. Rosman.

"We are cousins," answered Joseph, "and we came to Kayseraberg on account of a will, the reading of which should take place to-morrow."

"A will!" repeated madam Charlotte, astonished.

"That of our uncle,—of Dr. Harver."

The two ladies and Mr. Rosman were surprised.

"Ah! you are relatives of the doctor?" replied the latter, looking attentively at the young man; "chance, then, could not have served you better, Sir; for I was his former companion and his best friend."

This avowal introduced a conversation upon the deceased. Mulzen had never seen him, yet he felt for him that respectful affection which instinct establishes between unknown members of the same family. He talked a long time of the Doctor, listened with marked attention to all that was related of his life, and of his last moments; finally, after one of those confidential chats, during which self is forgotten and each sees the other without disguise, he ascended to his room, enchanted with his hosts who also retired, equally satisfied.

His fatigue prolonged his sleep; and when he awoke the next morning it was late. He hastily dressed himself to rejoin his cousin, with whom it was necessary for him to go to the notary's; but he found the latter in the parlor, in company with Mr. Rosman and Henry, whom some one had sent for.

Madam Charlotte and Louise were not long in appearing. When all were together, Mr. Rosman turned to the two young men and said, smilingly:

"Nobody here is a stranger to the affair that brought you to Kayseraberg, gentlemen; for my sister-in-law, madam Charlotte Revel, and her niece, Louise Armand, whose guardian I am, came here, like you, to be present at the opening of the will of their brother and uncle, Dr. Harver."

The two young men saluted madam Charlotte and Miss Louise, who returned their salutations.

"I thought," continued Mr. Rosman, "that the reading of the last deposition of the Doctor could take place in my house, since chance has brought together all the interested parties."

Henry responded by a sign of assent. Everyone sat down, and the notary was on the point of breaking the seal of the will, when he stopped.

"This will is dated a long time ago," he observed, "and, during the last months of his life, Mr. Harver declared to me, several times, his intention of destroying it, so as to leave to each one of his heirs the portion regulated by law. If he did not do so, I can attribute it only to his sudden death. I have stated this to relieve my conscience. Now, I ask all present interested if they do not desire to fulfil the intentions of the doctor, and annul the will, by common consent, before either knows whether they will lose by it, or be enriched?"

This unexpected proposition was followed by a pause of several moments. Mulzen was the first to speak.

"For my part," said he, in a modest manner, "having no particular right to the benevolence of the deceased, I cannot regard as a sacrifice the acceptance of equality of division, and I agree to it willingly."

"I shall not oppose any obstacle, as far as I am concerned," continued madam Charlotte.

"And I consent, to it in the name of my ward," added Mr. Rosman.

"Then," said the notary, turning towards Henry, "there only remains this gentleman.

The latter appeared to experience some embarrassment.

"I have, like my cousin," said he, "no hope of testamentary disposition favorable to me; but that ought to make me more reserved. Whatever were the intentions of the doctor, to-day his will alone ought to make known. To destroy, in advance, his dispositions is to attempt, at once, to lay hold of the rights of the testator and those of the unknown legatee."

"Let us not talk further, then," interposed the notary; "unanimity alone can legalize my proposition; let us rest on the right of each one—as the gentleman demands,—and if you please, listen."

At these words he broke the envelope, opened the will, and read as follows:—

"While there are four heirs who can pretend to my estate, I know only two, my sister Charlotte Revel and my niece, Louise Armand; but both have had, a long time, only one interest, as they have had only one heart, and are, in reality, but one person. I have then, really, on this hand, but Louise for my heir. My first intention was to give her all I possessed; but of my two nephews ought to be equally worthy of my interest; there remains only the difficulty of distinguishing.

"Not being able to do this myself, and knowing the intelligence and the tact of my niece, Louise, I refer the matter to her judgment; and I declare as my sole heir that of the two cousins whom she shall choose for her husband.

"HARVER."

After the reading of the will, there was quite a long silence. The two young men appeared embarassed; and Louise, confused hung her head.

"Pardon me, but the doctor has given my niece a difficult task?" exclaimed madam Charlotte.

"Less than you think, sister," said Rosman, smiling. "I have known for a long time, what Harver's will contained; and, in consequence, I have been gathering information. All I have learned has proved to me that, whatever be the choice of Louise she has nothing to fear."

"Then let the young lady decide," replied the notary, laughing; "since she cannot go wrong, it is only a matter of inspiration."

"I will leave it to my aunt," murmured the young girl, throwing herself in the arms of madam Charlotte.

"To me?" replied the latter; "but it is very embarrassing, my dear, and I do not know, in truth."

While pronouncing these words in an uncertain manner, her eyes wandered towards Mulzen—Henry saw it.

"Ah! your choice is made, madam," said he quietly, "and, while it causes me regrets, I ought to approve it."

"Miss," added he, taking Joseph by the hand and leading him to the young girl, "your aunt has well seen and well judged; my cousin is better than I."

"That which you have just done proves the contrary," said madam Charlotte, touched. "But we know Mr. Mulzen a little already; and then—you merit to have the whole truth told you."

"Tell it, tell it!" interrupted Fortin.

"Very well: his motto assures me, while yours makes me fear; he promises indulgence, and you justice. Alas! my dear Sir, justice is sufficient for angels, but for men, charity is necessary."

"Perhaps you are right, madam," said Henry, pensively. "Yes, since yesterday, events seem to have succeeded each other, by design, to teach me a lesson. The rigorous defense of my rights has always turned against me, while the kindliness of my cousin has always resulted to his profit. Yes, the motto of Joseph is better than mine, for it is nearer the law of God. Christ did not say, 'Every one for his rights'; but instead 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.'"

The Wager.

BY E. W. O.

"MY FRIEND JOHN STUART MILL remarks——"

"Confound John Stuart Mill, and all his work! What did he know of love, eh?"

"As much as his nature was able to contain."

"Exactly, and Cupidon and John Stuart Mill do not go well together."

The speakers were two gentlemen standing on the bank of a pretty trout stream, on the flashing, darting waters of which fell through the over-arching boughs crimson with patches of the setting sun.

The younger, a bright, handsome man of about four-and-twenty, was whipping the stream for a final bite; while the elder, near fifty, with a fine face, and grizzled hair and beard, leaning against a tree, was putting up his lines.

"You asked me once," remarked the latter, "my definition of love, I'll tell you—a thing that enthrals man, debases him, and sells him into slavery. A thing that renders some men idots—others philosophers."

"And you, Walsingham, are of course of the latter," laughed the younger.

"And you, my dear Chesson, of the former, exactly."

"Thanks."

"Is it not true? You came here fishing; you catch a glimpse of a slim figure, a pretty face. From that moment you become idiotic; you declare an angelic being has deigned to descend to prosaic earth; you rave, and for days have haunted this stream, in hopes again to see this houri—some pink-cheeked milkmaid."

"No milkmaid, my dear philosopher. But how is it, man, you never married? I will not believe you have reached nearly half a century, and never loved."

"Married!" repeated the other, with an abrupt laugh, "and you have heard my opinion of love!"

"Just so. Shall I tell you my definition of a philosopher?" gaily. "One who, having enjoyed the follies of life himself, would later instruct others under a cloak of wisdom."

Harry Chesson, laughing strolled farther up-stream.

Matthew Walsingham looked after him thoughtfully, then drew a long breath, as he murmured:

"Perhaps he does not guess how near to the truth he is. Did I ever love?—did I?—would I could say no."

Just at that moment a cry of alarm sounded in the air. It was a young, fresh, feminine voice, and came from some little distance down-stream.

Matthew Walsingham sprang erect. Harry Chesson had also turned; but the elder, in hastening in the direction had the advantage.

For a moment he could see no one, neither on the banks nor on the stones in the shallow stream.

He already was slackening his pace, when, just where the boulders formed stepping stones across, and where the eddying water was deepest, he beheld something floating like a portion of a woman's dress.

A few seconds brought him to the spot, when, to his horror, he beheld, lying in the bed of the stream, between the rocks, a young girl!

She was motionless, as one dead; her face, of a delicate beauty, was pale and still—her eyes closed—while the water carried her hair like threads of gold about the moss-covered boulders.

To jump down on the boulders, raise the girl on to his shoulder, scramble out, and bearing her to the opposite bank, lay her down, was, with Matthew Walsingham, the work of a very brief space.

The girl gave no sign of life—she seemed as if dead.

The cause was apparent in a discoloration of the temple, which had been struck in her fall.

Perplexed, alarmed, Walsingham was kneeling, chafing the small hands, when a startled cry from Chesson, who now ran up, caused him to raise his head.

"What is the matter?" he ejaculated, half irritably. "It is she!" cried the young man, throwing himself on his knees. "Oh, Walsingham, for Heaven's love say she is not dead!"

"She—who?" was the sharp demand.

"She for whom I have been waiting, watching—she whom," his voice trembled and sank, "I love!"

"Pshaw!" but his tone lacked its habitual cynicism. "Far better help me to restore the poor child. It is evident she slipped on the wet moss, and in falling struck her temple. Had we not been near, drowned she surely must have been."

Harry Chesson's brain swam, his heart felt sick at the idea. Reverently he put the long wet hair from the pale cheek; trembling, he chafed the brow, the fair hand he held.

Abruptly he drew back, coloring, half confused, as one detected in guilt. The girl's eyes—clear as crystal, blue as violets—had opened, and, after wonderingly regarding Walsingham, had wandered to him.

"Where am I? What has happened?" She whispered, faintly.

"Pray do not be alarmed," said Walsingham—Chesson could not speak. "You slipped on the stepping-stones, that is all. We were near to help you. All is right now."

Her recollection was returning.

A vivid blush dyed her cheek.

"Ah, I remember! Thank you very much!" she murmured, in confusion, trying to rise.

Walsingham aided her; Chesson stood aside. He noted her confusion, and guessed she could accept aid better from an elder than a younger man. Yet how he envied his friend!

Rising to her feet, leaning against a tree, she shivered.

"You must get home at once, young lady," said Walsingham, gently. "Your dress is wet; I fear you will take cold if you remain still. Can you walk with assistance?"

"Oh, yes, I can walk even without," she replied, quickly. "I am better now," trying to press the water from her clothes. Then, fixing her eyes upon them with a glance neither forgot, she added: "I know I owe my life to you—indeed I am grateful; but—I cannot think of words now to thank you!"

"Oh, pray do let us defer thanks until later!" laughed Walsingham, to put her at her ease. "We must think of dry clothes first. I trust you do not live very far from here?"

"No, very close."

"Will you try to get there?" We will accompany you."

"Oh, indeed I would not trouble you. There is no need!" she exclaimed.

But when she made an attempt to move she had to admit there was need, and accepted Harry Chesson's arm; for Walsingham, stepping back, had signed him to advance.

He had done him a greater kindness. He left him alone.

"I will go back and collect our fishing-tackle," he had said. "We will meet at the inn."

His friend had given him a look that said as plainly as words:

"I'll never forget this. You have made me you debtor for life!"

Then they two went along the bank among the ferns and tree-trunks, while Matthew Walsingham, recrossing the stepping-stones, returned to where they had so hastily abandoned their rods, gathered them up, and strolled to the inn.

"If ever a woman looked worthy a good man's strong love, truly she does," he reflected, as he went. "But did ever woman yet?"

It was nearly an hour before Chesson rejoined him. His step had a greater buoyancy, his eyes a clearer light; a smile was on his face.

"Well," said Walsingham, sitting in the window-seat with his pipe.

"You may laugh," exclaimed Harry Chesson, brightly. "Cynic as you are, you will confess that she is beautiful—worthy a life's devotion!"

Walsingham shrugged his shoulders.

"An Aphrodite, arisen—not from sea-foam, but from the eddies of a quiet trout-stream."

"Nevertheless beautiful, old man. A wager—thou Diogenes, thou Timon, thou Apemantus, thou shalt be converted to a pleasant, kinder thought of woman, and Ænone shalt convert you."

Matthew Walsingham looked quickly round.

"Ænone!" he repeated. "Ye powers, what a name! So you have discovered Aphrodite."

"Her mother called her by it. Her mother who, hearing her daughter's story, prays you to accompany me to her cottage two hours hence to receive thanks or——"

"Absurd! Or what?"

"She is so grateful, that if the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must come to the mountain."

"Not if I know it," exclaimed Walsingham, starting up. "A scene in this rustic inn! A weeping, grateful parent—and shall I and, a match-making mother?"

"Say what you please. I am too content to care. Only you will come with me, Walsingham?"

"Yes, I do not mind. I'll go to take care of you, my poor lad," answered his friend, after brief reflection, in a serio-comic tone. "Now let's have done with the subject, Romeo, until we start. Remember I am not a lover, and need dinner."

When through the soft evening summer twilight the two started for the cottage, Walsingham, half regretted that a curiosity he would not confess had urged him to give the promise he had.

Outwardly cynical, inwardly kind, generous, he hated to be thanked. Still there was no avoiding it now.

"What is the lady's name?" he asked, abruptly.

"I do not know. How, in the joy and the alarm, could I ask it. But she is a lady, that's all of it."

"And the father?"

"She is a widow; and once has been very beautiful. There is the cottage."

It was a simple thatched dwelling, rendered pretty by the roses and honeysuckle, and if not absolutely bespeaking indigence showed small signs of wealth.

"My friend," remarked Walsingham, sententiously, "when poverty looks in the door love makes his bow at the window. You may prove an excellent *parti* to Miss Ænone."

"Apemantus!" exclaimed Chesson, gaily, as coming under the porch, he tapped lightly at the door. It was instantly opened by the widow herself, a slim, fair-haired lady, attired in plain, dark garments.

"Oh, you have come!" she ejaculated in a soft, sweet voice. "How kind of you gentlemen! Pray enter. My daughter is lying down; I feared the chill, so kept her to her room."

Walsingham cast a whimsical glance at his friend, whose gaiety had at once, he knew, sunk to zero, as they followed the lady into the parlor. It was plainly furnished, but adorned by those little touches, and books and flowers, which speak both of refinement and taste.

On the table stood a lamp. Reaching a chair the widow turned to bring it for her guests, when her eyes rested on the face of the elder, who stood in the full light. Harry Chesson saw her expression change to amaze blended with terror. A cry burst from her lips, she staggered back as she ejaculated:

"Matthew Walsingham! Oh! Heaven be merciful to me!

Then she dropped on the chair, her face bowed on her hands, as she heard her friend's voice, huskily tremulous:

"Laura Greenlees! Here!"

Then a hand was put on his arm, and Walsingham whispered:

"Leave us, Chesson, dear lad."

Instantly he obeyed. As he drew to the door he was aware of the widow on her knees, her hands extended, her voice full of passionate pleading as she cried:

"Oh, Matthew, hear me! Pardon—forgive!"

Harry Chesson paced the lane in view of the cottage waiting. He was surprised bewildered. What did it all mean? Would Walsingham explain? Who was this lady—Ænone's mother? It was close upon an hour afterwards when Walsingham came out.

"You have waited," he said, and Chesson observed a change in his voice, it was softer. "Thank you! We will not go to the cottage again to-night; let us return to the inn; I have much to tell you."

He had slipped his arm into the other's, and they already were proceeding down the lane.

"You know Mrs. Greenlees?" hesitated Chesson?

"Not Greenlees now, but Marsland," said Walsingham, in a low tone. "Chesson, she was the only woman I ever loved—loved as few men do. I believed my affection returned, I was accepted, our marriage day was fixed. It arrived; I was ready—all were ready, only one person was missing—the bride—Laura had fled. When I heard of her again she was wedded to Arthur Greenlees!"

He paused a second, then went on:

"I must be brief; things seemed to speak for themselves. I gave her no further thought—or tried not to; and condemning Laura, condemned all her sex."

"But!" suggested Chesson, eagerly, "there has been an explanation!"

"Yes! It—it appears that this fellow had inveigled her when a girl into a correspondence; at one time she had believed she loved him; he, soon after her acquaintance with me, made her fear him. Her—her love for me, made her more sensitive that the foolish past should not reach my ears; she fought her persecutor to the last, until the eleventh hour—then her courage failed; she could fight no longer; she yielded to his threats, and sacrificed her happiness to save her folly being revealed. Now, dear boy, you know all. Will you go on first? I will follow."

* * * * * *

Before the summer of the next year Harry Chesson and Ænone Marsland were mar-

ried, the bride being given away by her stepfather—Matthew Walsingham.

As the young pair were about to start on their tour, Chesson, stepping to Walsingham, while Æneone embraced her mother, whispered merrily:

"Well, Diogenes, have I won my wager?"

"You have, my son! If that philosopher never discovered an honest man, I have discovered a woman worthy of a man's love; nay, the devotion of a life!"

The Diamond Bracelets.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

MRS. MORTON DEWSBURY has been for the last ten years, and is still a prominent feature in a certain class of society.

Not on account of her personal attractions, for she is well on the shady side of forty, and dumpy in figure.

Nor because she has any claim to patrician descent: all that is known of her antecedents, previous to marriage with junior the partner of the city firm of Isaacson and Dewsbury, being the uncontradicted rumor that she originally bore the name of Miggs. Notwithstanding these evident drawbacks, however, she has succeeded in attaining the one object of her ambition—notoriety. And this not by any intellectual acuteness of her own—for a vainer or more frivolous creature never existed—but simply owing to the paternal foresight of the departed Miggs, who, whatever his calling may have been, had contrived to extract from it a fortune of three hundred thousand pounds, every penny of which was left by him at his daughter's disposal.

Morton Dewsbury, with whose firm the old gentleman had had frequent dealings, was shrewd enough to offer his services to the heiress for the advantageous investment of her money; and in little more than a year after her father's death, the announcement of their approaching union surprised nobody.

The lease of a huge barrack-like mansion in Mayfair having been purchased, the "happy pair" established themselves in their new abode.

Before many months had elapsed, plenty of people were found willing to over-look the fact of their being parvenus, and perfectly ready to partake, without the slightest compunction, of dinners served up by one of the first "chefs" in London.

Eighteen hundred and eighty-seven, as all the world knows, was the Jubilee year, and London became for the time being cosmopolitan.

Foreign potentates of every grade flocked thither with one accord, leaving their subjects for the nonce to take care of themselves.

In order to compete with the innumerable festivities, public and private, the theatres put forth attractive programmes. Among the others the Italian Opera announced an extra night, on which occasion many of the illustrious visitors had signified their intention of being present.

Mrs. Morton Dewsbury was the last woman in the world to slip such an opportunity of seeing and being seen, and by her directions a centre box on the grand tier was secured for the evening in question.

"I shall wear my diamonds to-night, Morton," she said to her husband, while they were dawdling over a tete-a-tete breakfast.

"If you take my advice," replied Mr. Dewsbury, putting down the paper, "you will do nothing of the kind. Why, you would be stared at by the whole house!"

"Well," she retorted petulantly, "what does that matter? There is no use in having pretty things if they are never seen. At all events I shall wear the bracelets."

This compromise appearing to satisfy her liege lord, the latter resumed his reading, while the lady retired to meditate on the selection of a toilette.

On their arrival at the theatre, shortly after the rising of the curtain, hardly a seat was vacant.

From their "coign of vantage" they at once discovered that one of the stage-boxes was occupied by a Princess and her suite, and the other by a group of Oriental dignitaries in their national costume; and splendent with jewels.

A second glance round the house agreeably convinced Mrs. Morton Dewsbury, that from the opera glasses directed towards her box, that her two bracelets exactly alike, the centre-piece of each of which was a magnificent diamond surrounded by smaller stones, attracted general notice; so that the good lady was in a state of pleasurable excitement and gratified vanity.

Her crowning triumph, however was yet to come. A few minutes after the termination of the first act, the door of her box was opened to give admittance to an irreproachably-attired visitor, whom neither Mrs. Dewsbury nor her husband recollected to have seen before.

"I have to apologise, Madame," said the stranger, with a slight foreign accent, "for this unauthorised intrusion; but I come as an ambassador, and these are my credentials," handing to the lady, as he spoke, a card, on which was inscribed his relation as official chamberlain to the aforesaid Princess.

"My errand," he continued, "will doubtless appear to you a very singular one, but I trust to your indulgence to excuse the infraction of etiquette of which I am unavoidably guilty. My august mistress, who is sitting yonder,"—here he pointed to the stage box—"is passionately fond of diamonds, and for the last hour has been so struck by the brilliancy of those you are wearing, that she has commissioned me to solicit the favor of being allowed to examine them more closely. May I therefore entreat your permission to gratify the Princess's curiosity by entrusting to me one of your bracelets, which shall be safely returned to you?"

Intensely flattered by this courteously worded request, Mrs. Morton Dewsbury at once unclasped the ornament, and with a gracious smile delivered it to the Count, who, with reiterated apologies, withdrew.

He had not been long gone, when Percy Warrington, a young clerk of the Foreign Office, and a frequent visitor at the house in Mayfair, entered the box, and was naturally regaled with a full account of what had happened, accompanied by a somewhat ostentatious display of the stranger's card.

"Ah, Lansberg, the chamberlain," he said, after glancing at the address. "I know him; he is an honorary member of my club, and a capital old fellow into the bargain."

"Not old," corrected Mrs. Dewsbury. "Five-and-thirty to forty at most, I should imagine."

"He would be charmed to hear you say so," replied Percy. "Why, my dear Mrs. Dewsbury, Lansberg is sixty if he is a day. Besides his English is a 'caution!'"

"And this fellow, barring a touch of accent, spoke as well as you or I do," said Morton, fidgeting angrily on his chair. "But I should know him again among a thousand, and when I ——"

"Stay," suddenly interrupted the young man; "I will make sure of one thing, at all events." And without further explanation, he left the box, but re-appeared in a few minutes with an unusually serious air.

"I'm afraid it's a bad business," he said. "I have been questioning the box-keeper round the corner, who positively declares that no one has come out of the stage-box since the performance began."

"That settles the matter," said Dewsbury. "I shall go at once for a detective to Scotland Yard, and set the police at work. I suppose," he added, addressing his wife, "you have no wish to remain here any longer?"

"Oh, no," answered poor Mrs. Dewsbury, whose spirits during the last quarter of an hour had sunk down to zero. "But you forget the carriage is only ordered at eleven."

"That needn't hinder you in the least," interposed the good-natured Percy Warrington. "If for once in a way you will accept my escort in a modest 'four-wheeler.' Shall I have one called?"

"I shall be very glad," she replied, taking her husband's arm; for this annoying occurence has quite upset me."

* * * * * *

On returning home, Morton related to his wife his interview with the inspector on duty, who had held out some hopes of recovering the stolen bracelet, but was clearly of opinion that the robbery had been premeditated, and that more than one person was concerned in it.

"I told him the whole story and gave him the full description of the stones and mounting," pursued Mr. Dewsbury, "and he noted every particular, and promised that one of the cleverest detectives in the force should devote himself exclusively to the case. I instructed him, of course to spare no expense, and it was agreed to let me know the result to-morrow evening."

They were still conversing when a ring was heard at the door, and a servant presently announced the detective, "Mr. Burtenshaw," followed by the entrance of a short, wiry-looking personage, with sharp peering eyes and a closely-cropped head.

"The detective, no doubt," thought Morton, as he courteously returned the newcomer's salutation, and requested him to be seated.

"I have taken the liberty to call, sir," began Mr. Burtenshaw, "about your good lady's bracelet. I always like in those matters to get my information first-hand; it saves a deal of trouble, and when I put this and that together, a trifle sometimes makes all the difference."

"True," assented Morton, "but I hardly see what particulars I can give you, beyond those your inspector knows already."

"That's just where you are wrong, sir, if you will excuse my saying so," replied Mr. Burtenshaw. "When I took the office, and got the heads of the story from my chief, there was one point in it which struck me as being the keystone of the whole affair. From what I gather, there is a second bracelet exactly similar to the one we are on the look-out for. Now, if I could only see that for a moment it would help me more than all the descriptions in the world."

"Nothing easier," said Dewsbury, "my wife has it on her arm still, and you can examine it as long as you please."

"Certainly," chimed in the lady, who by this time had partially recovered her usual cheerfulness.

Unfastening the desired object, she gave it to the detective, who inspected it minutely, but with an evidently disappointed air.

"The stones are wonderfully fine," he muttered, half aloud; "especially the centre one; but the design of the setting might be more original, instead of what we call the regulation pattern. It would be next to impossible, except for the diamonds, to distinguish a bracelet like this from a dozen others, unless we could light on the exact fellow to it; and, to do that, we must have this one in our hands for a few days. It is our only chance."

"Do you mean to say," inquired Morton, who had overheard the colloquy, "that one would enable you to discover the other?"

"Undoubtedly" replied Mr. Burtenshaw, in a confident tone. "All we require is the test of comparison, and if the lady doesn't object——"

"Not in the least," said Mrs. Dewsbury, after a moment's consultation with her husband. "It will be as safe with you as with ——"

"Safer, perhaps," observed the detective, carefully depositing the case containing the bracelet in his breast-pocket, and taking up his hat to depart. "If the other is where I strongly suspect it ought to be, you will see them both again before the week is out."

On the following evening, punctual to his appointment, inspector of detectives arrived and produced a copy of the handbill, which had been widely circulated throughout the city, offering a reward of five hundred dollars for the recovery of the stolen bracelet.

"We can do no more at present," he said, "until we receive our reports; but no time has been lost, and I am inclined to think we are on the right track. It is perfectly clear to me that we have to deal with accomplished swindlers, clever enough to assume any disguise without fear of detection. It was well known that the Princess intended to be present at last night's performance, and they, doubtless, laid their plans accordingly, contriving, as a necessary precaution, and probably by the aid of a light-fingered confederate, to obtain possession of the card-case of one of her suite. This done, they had only to select their victim; and as your diamonds, madam," he added, turning to Mrs. Dewsbury, "were, by all accounts, more conspicuous by their brilliancy than any in the house, it is not surprising that they should have given you the preference. However, I hope to have them yet, for the man I have put on the job is a sharp fellow, and knows his business."

"Yes," remarked Morton, "he seems intelligent enough."

Then the inspector looked puzzled. "You have seen Duckett, then?" he asked quickly.

"Duckett? No, but Burtenshaw. You sent him here last night, half an hour after I had left you."

"My dear sir," replied the official, "we are playing at cross-purposes. I never sent anyone, and there is no such a person as Burtenshaw in the force."

"Oh, you must know him," persisted Morton. "A little man, with very short hair and remarkably keen eyes."

"Never saw or heard of him in my life," was the unexpected answer. "What did he come for?"

"He wanted to see the other bracelet," interposed Mrs. Dewsbury, "and said it was a pity he couldn't take it with him for a few days to compare it with the one that was stolen. So, as I believed he came from you, I let him have it."

"The deuce you did!" exclaimed the inspector, forgetting his habitual politeness in his indignation at the trick played on him. "Then, madam, I am afraid the game is up. As long as these rascals had only one of these bracelets in their hands, there was always the chance that it might have remained intact, or that an accomplice, tempted by the high reward offered, might have 'split' on the others. But, now that they have got both, I wouldn't mind wagering that the gold is already in the melting pot, and the diamonds are on their way to Antwerp or Amsterdam."

Apparently, the wager would have been a safe one, for, although, a considerable time has elapsed since the gala night at the opera, Mrs. Morton Dewsbury has never heard any further tidings of the purloined bracelets. And as Mr. Duckett pithily observed, when the pros and cons of the case were laid before him, it is "all Lombard Street to a China orange" that she never will.

A WILL AND A WAY.—The Chinese journals tells a good story of the ingenuity of a native lady match-maker.

A hump-back girl, otherwise good looking, had found a difficulty in procuring a husband. Oddly enough the go-between referred to discovered that there was a hump-back youth who had found a similar difficulty in getting a wife.

This clever lady accordingly arranged a match; but, as each party was of a very eligible quality in other respects, each of the respective parents insisted upon obtaining a surreptitious view of the amorous one on either side.

The go-between accordingly arranged that the girl should be interviewed as she sat at her spinning-wheel with her hump deftly inserted in a hole in the mud wall, while the man was introduced as he was conducting home a bullock, and leaning over its neck, with a coat negligently thrown over his back.

The marriage took place, and it then became too late for tergiversation, as it had been endorsed by law.

A DOG STORY.—Last fall I received a letter from my son saying that he and his wife and daughter were coming to pay us a visit. He concluded by saying: "Kill the fatted calf and put the bottle on ice." I read the letter aloud to my wife, the dog, a setter, sitting up beside me, and looking so wise that I called my wife's attention to it, saying, "Look at the judge!" After I had finished reading, he barked to go out, and did not get home until quite late.

He came into the sitting-room, where I was reading, and made such demonstrations that I followed him to the outside door, and in the porch I found the lower part of the leg of a calf. He wagged his big tail and jumped up on me, saying as plainly as he could: "There's the calf; now you attend to the bottle!"

IT is with charity as with money—the more we stand in need of it, the less we have to give away.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A Pittsburg man is said to have really married a girl under the impression that he was marrying her sister. His courtship of the other girl was brief and the sisters so closely resembled each other that he proposed and was accepted before he discovered his mistake. He has never confessed, the story goes, that he made this odd error, but the girl who lost a good husband because of it insists that she ought to be in her sister's shoes.

A New York paper publishes the following: Mr. Friese Greene a British photographer has actually produced a picture with only the light issuing from burning. Having stared for 15 seconds at a 3000 candle electric are only three feet away, he closed his eye and quickly brought it over a sensitive plate at a distance of one inch. The result was a very faint but distinct image of the arc and carbons, due, probably to the momentary phosphorescence of the retina. A second attempt failed and gas-lights proved too weak to produce effect.

Big dogs are becoming the fashion in New York, and a local dog fancier accounts for it by saying that "persons stay in the country so long that they grow wonderfully fond of the animals. The dogs come to town with the families and either find lodgings in the private stables of their masters or in stalls rented from livery stables, which have now begun to advertise specially favorable accomodations at $3 a week. The attendance upon a dog includes specially prepared food, periodical washings and the removal of any parasites they may have."

It is not often that a fire is put out with wine. This was done recently at Kreuznach, on the occasion of a fire which broke out at night in the house of a large wine merchant, soon enveloping the whole building. Some sixty hogsheads of wine could not only not be saved, but burst, and their contents ran into a ditch in the garden behind the house. Here the firemen placed their engines, with which they poured streams of wine upon the burning building, and succeeded in getting the fire under control. The fumes of the wine were so strong that the firemen had to be repeatedly relieved.

A marriage that was attended with numerous difficulties because of the scarcity of money came off in Cincinnati a day or two ago. After paying for the license (75 cents) the groom had but 25 cents left. He collected enough from the spectators to pay the magistrate's fee, but then another obstacle arose. The young man said that if he did not have a certificate to prove his marriage the parents of his bride would not believe the ceremony had taken place and then there would be trouble. Another collection was taken and the certificate was provided. Then the couple went away happy! They were from Hamilton Ky., and had eloped to avoid the opposition of the bride's parents.

A tragic comic romance lately occured at Buda-Pesthe. A stripling of 17 was in love with a girl three years his junior, and the children were in such despair that they had to wait so long to be married that they decided to commit suicide. After kissing and hugging each other, the couple repaired to the Danube, and with forlitude worthy of a better cause the girl jumped in. Fortunately she could swim and she availed herself fully of her capabilities in that art. She shrieked for "Help," which was soon at hand. Just as she was safely landed her lover aimed three pistol shots at himself, but none of them took effect, and a quarter of an hour later the young folks were handed over to their respective parents.

Noah Stropp, a New Orleans lad, met his death in a queer manner Thursday. The boy and his younger sister were playing together in the kitchen of their home. Securing an old musket which had not been fired for 27 years, he unscrewed the barrel from the stock, filled the barrel with water and placed the muzzle end in the stove. Calling his sister to come and hear the water boil in the barrel, he leaned over and placed his ear to the breech of the weapon. As he did so an explosion occured, and the boy was instantly killed, being blown several feet away and having his head nearly carried off. The barrel of the musket had a charge which had been placed in it during the war. The boy was not aware of this but was merely in search of fun.

The name of the young Marquise de Belboeuf, the exceeding masculine sister of the exceedingly effeminate Duc de Morny, is again on everybody's lips in Paris. Her latest eccentricity consists in riding in the Bois every morning at 8 mounted astride her horse instead of on the ordinary side-saddle. Accompanied by a couple of her male friends she dashes at full the avenues and bridle-paths at a sharp canter, creating an immense stir among the early habitues of the Bois. Separated from her husband, always dressed in the most masculine tailor-made gowns, her brown curly hair cut close to her shapely head and a single eyeglass fixed in her fancy eye, Mme de Belboeuf presents the most striking contrast which it is possible to conceive to her brother the Duke, who it may be remembered figured a few years ago at some amateur theatricals in the rôle of a premiere danseuse of the opera corps.

Our Young Folks.

FRUHLING AND THE FROGS.

BY L. B. HILL.

THE winter was over and gone. There could be no doubt about the matter. First the snow melted and then the ice in the river broke up into great blocks and went floating and bobbing up and down in the water as it drifted seawards.

The great auk waddled from block to block, fanning himself and muttering to himself about the good old days.

"When I was young," he said, "the weather was always cold, but times are changed. Even the sun does what it likes now without consulting my feelings. It is not at all respectful of him, not at all respectful of him, not at all, at all, at all."

But nobody listened to him, for in that part of the world they were all independent and had no manners to speak of."

Each warm day brought fresh birds northwards and seawards.

The first to come were the pelicans, and they were soon followed by the spoonbills and the long legged red flamingoes, and the crowned crane, a proud lazy creature. And they stood about in the broad sunny river gobbling the fish from morning until night, and waiting till it should grow warm enough to build their nests.

Then in every pool and creek and shallow dyke the frogs woke up. 'Croak, croak, croak,' they said till they nigh deafened the air with the sound. So the frogs croaked, and the birds gobbled up the frogs, and the auk sat in a shady corner grumbling, while the sun grew hotter every day, and the willow trees began to bud.

One day a little boy came to the broad sunny river. The storks brought him from the southern country a long way off. And when the old earth saw this little boy it was glad. The birds flapped their wings, and ran about telling each other it was time to build their nests. The sallow-cat kins broke into golden fluff and the willow trees grew green like May grass; the bur-rushes and the iris pierced their sword-like leaves up through the water that they might catch a sight of his bonny face, and wherever his feet fell the snowdrops blossomed and the grass grew. Even the frogs croaked fifty times louder than before with pleasure, and no wonder, for he was the bonniest boy in all the world. His name was Fruhling. And Fruhling loved the birds and the flowers and the broad sunny river, and they loved him; but still sometimes he sighed and said, "Ah! if only I had a playmate, how happy I should always be."

Now a long, long way south lay a warm valley among the mountains. Through the valley there flowed a little brook, and the brook was the beginning of a broad sunny river.

This valley was such a warm place that the winter had left it, the sun shone in it, and Fruhling had passed through it laughing and happy, weeks and weeks before he reached the country of the broad river. And here in this valley there dwelt a little maid and she was the prettiest little maid you ever saw. She had long yellow hair, and a long yellow gown, and the hair and gown were so bright and shining that you might have taken her for a stray sunbeam if you had not looked very carefully.

All day long in the early summer weather she danced, and she did it so lightly and gaily, that a lark's song would have been easier to catch than this merry little maid.

And the flowers in the valley called her Rayonnetta.

Now one day Rayonnetta fell asleep on a water lily leaf, and while she lay asleep a big greedy jack came swimming by. He blundered up against the lily-stalk, and just because he was too proud to go round it he bit it right through, the mischievous creature! Rayonnetta did not wake up, not even when the lily leaf began to float down stream.

Away and away it floated through the flowery meadows and beyond the mountains, till the little brook swelled into the broad sunny river, and there it drifted short-wards, and struck among the bulrush roots.

You remember I told you that the frogs loved Fruhling and the warmer days, but they disliked the heat and glare of the summer sunshine.

They and the birds would have liked it to be always spring, always warm and moist; but Fruhling grew tall and strong in the hot sun, and he loved it.

When the frogs saw the lily leaf among the bulrush roots they came hopping and splashing and croaking through the water to see what it was. Rayonnetta woke up with the noise they made.

She stood up in her boat and shook loose her shining hair and gown, and they shone so like the hot June sun that the frogs were forced to hold up their fore feet to shield their goggle eyes.

"Croak, croak, croak," said all the frogs in chorus.

Rayonnetta was frightened when she saw such strange, splashing, croaking creatures, and the unknown land all around her, and the dark rain-clouds hanging overhead.

"Where is my valley gone?" she cried, "and the bright summer sun."

"Croak, croak," answered the frogs, "you're a bit of the sun yourself, a horrid bit of glaring sunshine come down to spoil the showers." And they made such a to-do that the water fowl came running up to see what it all was about.

The pelicans snapped their beaks together.

"Chitter, chitter, what's the matter?" cried one of them, swallowing half a dozen frogs at a mouthful, just to make the rest answer quickly.

But to look at him next minute you would think he had never eaten anything stronger than rice pudding in all his life, for he sat down as meek as a turtle dove, and turned up the whites of his eyes just like a duck in a thunderstorm.

The great auk came waddling up.

"What, what, what," he said, "must you disturb the last few days I spend with you? In my younger days nobody spoke until they were spoken to, nobody at all, at all at all."

"Yah, don't bother us," said the frogs. "We've got a right to croak when a chip of the sun comes floating down the river and brings the summer upon us before the right time. Yah! you go long."

"Suppose I eat the bit of thaeil up," said the greedy pelican.

"Share and share!" cried the spoon-bills.

"Go halves!" cried the crane.

"A peck turn and turn about," said the flamingo.

"Eat her up and have done with it," croaked the frogs, so they might have, only then Fruhling and the storks came to see what was the matter.

Rayonnetta stood on the lily leaf weeping and wringing her hands in the midst of her shining hair; and the tears fell so fast and the hair shone so brightly that together they made rainbows all around her.

When Fruhling caught sight of her he clapped his hands and laughed and cried:

"Here is my playmate come; come and play with me you beautiful little maid."

"She belongs to the frogs," said the spoonbills.

"We're going to eat her up," cried the crane.

"She's nothing to do with you," said the pelican.

"Croak, croak, if you want her you must fight for her," said the frogs, but they did not think he would have courage enough to do it.

"Eat her up!" cried Fruhling. "Never! I'll fight you every one first."

And he ran and pulled up two long spear grasses for lances and two toadstools that had out lived the winter for shields.

"Come on," cried he, brandishing his lance.

So when the frogs saw he meant to fight they chose out the biggest and bravest fellow among them and mounted him on a pelican.

Fruhling's horse was the youngest and strongest of the storks.

The frog and the pelican thought they would soon make mincemeat of the stork. If they only frightened Fruhling they would be content.

So they came charging up, snapping and croaking as fast as young geese cackle. Snap, snap, snap, went the pelican's great beak; croak, croak, croak, went the frog, while all the other birds stood round in a ring, flapping their wings, and the frogs cheered, and little Rayonnetta looked on at the fight from a toad-stool.

Fruhling and the stork stood still so that everyone thought they were afraid.

But they were not a bit, and when the frog came near enough Fruhling made such a fierce thrust with his spear that almost before you could say "Jack Robinson" he had sent the frog spinning into the middle of next week. And not a frog staid in sight, not a single one.

Then Fruhling ran to the toadstool and helped Rayonnetta down.

"Now I have won you," he said, "you will stay with me."

"With all my heart," said Rayonnetta.

"Then," said Fruhling, "you shall be our queen, and help me make the flowers grow, and to take care of the little unfledged birds; and then when autumn comes we will fly away southwards with the storks and the sunshine to some warm and sunny land."

So the birds owned Fruhling for the victor and Rayonnetta for their queen.

And she made them all such dainty curtseys and smiled so sweetly that every one was charmed with her, and the great auk said:

"Dear lady, your grace reminds me so of the days of my youth, I can hardly believe they are over yet; hardly at all, at all, at all."

IN FAIRYLAND.

BY SUKEY A.

THE children were so earnest in their demands for a fairy story that though she had already told them a half dozen of other kinds she had to comply with their request.

"As you have already been told about the German fairies," she began "and as we have just been speaking of the Scotch poet Burns who refers to Kelpies, I will choose Scotland and I will tell you who Kelpie was."

"Well, he was supposed to be a water-goblin who haunted the lakes and streams, and appeared to people in the form of a horse. The tale ran that if anyone was foolish enough to get on his back, he very soon repented of it, for mischievous Kelpie would jump into the nearest pool or river and give his rider a good wetting, and even perhaps drown him, which was infinitely worse. In Forfarshire there are marks in the old red sandstone which are called 'Kelpies' feet.'"

"Then there was another water-elf who went by the name of Shellycoat, because he was covered with shells, which made a fine clatter as he moved.

"He had the character of being quite as fond of mischievous pranks as his cousin Kelpie; and I have read somewhere of how he tricked two travellers on a dark night.

"They were walking quickly along when they heard a doleful voice calling from the river Ettrick, 'Lost, lost!'

'Naturally enough they thought that someone was drowning, and hastened to his assistance as fast as possible.

'Farther away in the distance the cry was repeated of 'Lost, lost!' and away went the travellers in pursuit of it; but the drowning person always seemed just a little ahead of them.

"When morning dawned the two found themselves, to their no small surprise, up the mountain, close to the source of the river. And, to crown all, they could hear Shellycoat clattering down again, roaring with laughter at the clever trick he had played them.

"Fo k seemed to be rather fond of 'making believe' that water spirits took the form of horses. In the Shetland Isles they used to talk of a pretty little fellow named Shoopiltee, who would try to entice people to mount him, and then gallop with them into the sea.

"A similar sprite haunted the Orkneys, but he was known as Tangie—from Tang, the seaweed, with which he was covered.

"The land-fairies of these islands were said to wear armor, which, I think, was rather a pretty fancy, was it not?

"The Highlanders give to the fairies the name of 'Dhoine Sidhe,' or Men of Peace; and sometimes call them the 'good people' or 'good neighbor.' But they will not speak of them at all if they can avoid it, because the believe that the fairies, although invisible, can see and hear anything that concerns them.

"The Lowland fairies are described as being small, but beautifully formed, with long golden hair, which is fastened with a golden comb.

"Their dress consists of a mantle of green cloth inlaid with wild flowers, green pantaloons buttoned with bobs of silk and silver shoes. They carry bows and arrows and ride on beautiful little white horses.

"The Fairy Rade or Procession is a grand sight and anyone who likes to place a branch of rowan (mountain ash) over his door can look at in safety—always provided it happens to pass his way, you know.

"The Rade is popularly supposed to take place at the beginning of the summer, and although I have never seen one, and can hardly expect to do so, being such an unbeliever, yet I have read of a certain woman who said that she once caught sight of it. I suspect myself that she went to sleep and dreamt it; however, this was her account of the matter.

"'The fairies,' said the old dame, 'were a wee, wee folk with green scarves, and they rode on little white nags with long tails and manes hung with whistles, which the wind played on as the procession swept along.'

"But she did not have time to examine into things; for, unfortunately, the fairy cavaliers jumped over a high hedge and disappeared.

"It is said that when the fairies wished to remove to another place, they cry 'Horse and Hattock,' for this is the elfin signal for mount and be off.

"The Scottish peasants believe that numbers of little elves live quite close to human dwellings, often under the 'door-stane' or threshold. They do not harm people, unless they are spoken of in an insulting manner, and no Scotswoman would dream of throwing boiling water or anything out of her door which might be likely to hurt the 'good neighbors.'

"It makes no difference to her that neither she nor anyone of her family ever sees these friendly elves; she feels quite certain they are there all the same, only they are rather shy and retiring.

"In olden times a great many places—such as fountains, wells, rocky caverns, and green shadowy dells and glens—were dedicated to the fairies, and it was deemed a bad omen to pass by them without paying some mark of respect to their invisible occupants.

"Into one fairy well folk use to throw crooked pins, though why they selected this curious tribute I cannot say. It is rather difficult to see why fairies should want crooked pins more than ordinary people.

"At the top of a mountain in Peebles is a spring called Cheese Well; because passers-by use to throw into it a bit of cheese.

"It is really quite amusing to read of all the things people formerly did to keep the fairies in a good temper; and very often were dreadfully afraid of them.

"There are a few more members of the elfin race who have been invested with special names and qualities. For instance, old castles and towers were supposed to be inhabited by sprites called Powries or Duhters, whose chief delight seems to lie in making a great noise, as if they were continually beating flax.

"The Kilmoulis was a curious species of goblin, for he is described as having no mouth.

"Folk imagined that he was a sort of Brownie, and always lived in a mill, sometimes helping, but oftener hindering the miller in his work.

"It was once thought that every mill had its Kilmoulis, but this belief has died out.

"The Brown Man o' the Muire was a sturdy dwarf, whose particular province was supposed to be the wild and desolate moorlands. He was dressed in brown, of the same tint as the withered bracken; he looked fierce, and was not rendered more beautiful by having frizzled red hair.

"Dear me! I had almost forgotten Wag-at-the-Wa', the only sprite I ever heard of who was troubled with the toothache!

"Nor was this all, for this comical bogey, who was supposed to look like a grisly old man dressed in a red coat and blue breeches, rejoiced in a tail—a long tail, like a monkey's.

"His place of abode was in the Border kitchens, and his particular seat a large hook which hung by a chain from a beam in the chimneys to hold pots and kettles.

"His amusement was to swing himself to and fro, and no doubt his tail was of some assistance to him here.

"Wag-at-the-Wa', with his toothache and his tail, has gone the way of many another goblin, for no one has believed in him; a very good thing too!"

FIGHTING A PANTHER.

HE was a hunter of the Wild West and they called him "Dead-Shot Jim." Leaning on his rifle, his bright dagger glistening in his belt, he told this story of an encounter with a panther:—

"My two dogs had treed the animal on the other side of the deep gulch which I would have to cross on a fallen tree to reach him. I worked my way to the fallen tree, and started to cross it. I went very slowly as the log was quite slippery.

"My dogs had ceased their noise when I first came to view, but just as I was about half-way across the bridge they began to bark more fiercely than ever. I thought that perhaps the animal had seen me and was about to jump out of the tree and make his escape. I stopped in my dangerous walk, and, steadying myself, looked up into the tree. Great powers! I had seen a great many panthers before, and had killed a few, but the one I saw looking at me from the branches of the oak was larger and fiercer than any I had ever seen or heard tell about.

"He lay crouched along a branch about midway to the top of the oak, and glared at me with great eyes that gleamed like balls of fire.

"From the moment he first beheld me he paid not the slightest attention to the dogs, but kept his eyes rivetted on me, uttering deep growls, and swaying his long tail to and fro. I knew that I had no time to lose, but must act quickly, as the varmint was preparing to spring at me.

"Bracing myself for the shot as best I could on the slippery tree, I raised my rifle to my shoulder, and aimed for the centre of the brute's head.

"Just as I pressed the trigger a piece of rotten bark that I was standing on gave way, and I slipped, at the moment when the rifle vomited its load of fire and lead. In saving myself from falling the empty gun slipped from my grasp to the rocks below, and I should have followed it had I not luckily been astraddle of the tree.

"I drew my hunting knife from my belt, but had no sooner done so than the panther gave a shriek of mingled pain and rage, and the next moment he bounded from his perch and landed on the ground within three feet of one end of the log on which I sat.

"The ball from my rifle had made a slight wound in the brute's head, the blood from which ran into his eyes, making him look terrible in his maddened fury. His eyes were fastened on me, and I knew that his next spring would bring him within a foot or two of where I sat.

"My faithful dogs were by this time at the rear of the infuriated beast, and before he could leap upon me they attacked him boldly. He turned with a flash, and, with a yell of defiance, struck one of the dogs such a blow with his powerful paw that knocked the poor pup dead into the river below. The other dog had got a grip on one of the panther's hind legs, and held on gamely.

"The next moment the dog and panther were rolling on the ground in a struggle for the mastery. The huge beast threw up clouds of earth and dead leaves with his sharp claws, and for a time both combatants were lost to view in the dust. The struggle soon ceased, and through the falling leaves I could see the writhing dog between the jaws of the panther. The jaws came together, and I could hear the crunching of bones, and in another moment the limp body of the dog was thrown on the ground.

"The panther was now thoroughly enraged. Giving his head a shake to free his eyes from the dust and dirt, he gave a yell that nearly froze my blood, and crouched for a spring.

"I grasped my knife firmly in my right hand, and steadying myself with my left, I awaited the shock. It came. The long, lithe body flashed through the air, and the next moment I was sitting face to face with the infuriated beast.

"Leaning forward quickly I plunged the keen blade once, twice into the animal's neck. The hot blood spurted into my face, I felt the breath of the panther on my cheek, and then the powerful claws, armed with the long, sharp nails, rose in the air, and then descended on my chest. I felt the sharp claws burying through my flesh.

"The knife fell from my weakened grasp and bounded on the rocks to the river below. I felt my brain whirling. I made a desperate grab at the panther before me, and, locked in a close embrace, we rolled off the log, and fell together on the rocks below.

"The sun was far down on the horizon when I recovered consciousness. I was not very seriously hurt, for in the fall I landed on top of the panther, which had saved me from having my bones broken. The panther was dead on the rocks before me. My knife had touched his heart, and no doubt he was dead before he struck the rocks."

It is a good thing to learn caution by the misfortune of others.

THE END.

BY WM. W. LONG.

Yes, love, I remember the story
Told there in that holy night,
With the joy of Love's great rapture
Filling our souls with light.

And never a love so stainless
Hath man to woman told,
Since the days of great dead Petrarch—
The grand love days of old.

Never as pure a passion
Hath this age ever seen;
Never as great soul worship,
Oh, Love divine, my Queen!

Ah! sweet, the great Love nectar
From Eros' magic well,
We drank as night together,
Cast o'er us its holy spell.

And I tell you, oh, queen of women,
Of all our lives, the best
Was that white night of beauty,
When we found one hour's rest.

The shadow passed from between us,
With love's delicious pain,
As I counted the pulse of your heartbeats
And kissed you again and again.

DEGENERATE WORDS.

The history of a word is often singularly like that of a human being. Some words rise from a very lowly origin in the slums of slang to respectability and general use and acceptance; others, entering the language under much more favorable conditions, fall by mischance or neglect into disuse, and drag out a maimed existence in lower forms.

A good example is the word "gob." As a noun this is now vulgarly applied to the mouth, and as a verb it means to swallow. "Shut your gob!" is a polite invitation to silence among certain classes of society. But the word itself is a very ancient and respectable one. "Gob" formerly meant, in a general sense, a small portion, mass or collection of anything.

Its longer form is "gobbet." It was often used literally or metaphorically to describe a mouthful or a piece of anything just large enough or fit to be put into the mouth at once. The general meaning seems to have survived in this country.

In Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad," Gibraltar is described as "pushed out into the seas on the end of a flat, a narrow strip of land, and is suggestive of 'a gob' of mud on the end of a shingle."

Another degenerate word is "clean," in the sense of "entirely," or "altogether." The word with this meaning was constantly employed by good writers until a very recent date, but its use now in serious writing would be considered colloquial, if not vulgar.

To be "shut of" a person or thing, meaning to be rid of it is a familiar provincialism. But the phrase was formerly in very respectable literary use. Bunyan, who was naturally fond of racy and proverbial expressions, uses it in the "Holy War."

To "cotton," meaning to agree with, to take to, is now a common colloquial expression. This use of the word, however, was common several centuries ago. It is found occasionally in Elizabethan writers. "To cotton," like so many other so-called Americanisms, is simply a survival, in vulgar use on both sides of the Atlantic, of a respectable old word. It may be noted by the way, as regards its etymology, that it has connection with the plant cotton, but is derived from a Welsh verb, meaning to agree, to consent.

A notable instance of descent from literary to vulgar use is to be found in the history of one of the meanings of the verb to "cut." The "phrases to "cut over," and to "cut away," are found in the writers of the latter part of the sixteenth century, bearing precisely the same meaning as attaches to the corresponding modern slang expressions. With the present day use of these phrases is generally associated the idea of more or less hurried, or enforced departure.

The expression to "knock off," meaning to desist from, to give up, in a familiar colloquialism, with a peculiarly modern appearance; but in reality it can show good authority for its existence in its use by some the best and most vigorous of prose writers.

A frequently-heard vulgarism is "along of," in the sense of "on account of." But, vulgar as its use is now considered to be, it is a genuine, good old phrase, that was in frequent literary use for its high estate, it became a familiar locution in the vocabulary of the street. It is found so far back as the ninth century, and in fact is common in most of the early writers.

Another street word of respectable descent, is "fadge," to suit, or fit. Its use is now pretty well confined; but it is to be found in Shakespere, and in other great writers.

A word that might have served a very useful purpose in our language is "proser." We have no equivalent for the French "prosateur," a word invented in imitation of the Italian "prosatore," a writer in prose. "Proser" was coined to meet the want, and is to be found in this sense in Drayton. But the word has degenerated, and is now so universally used and accepted as a mere synonym for a bore, or a dull talker or writer, that it would be a hopeless task to try to employ it in any higher or broader sense, and, for the present at least, we must be content with the rather ugly compound "prose writer."

The phrase to "make bones of," that is, to find difficulty in anything, is now restricted to colloquial use; but it was formerly current literary coin, and is frequently met with in much of our older literature.

Its earlier form was, "to find bones in," which clearly shows the phrase to have originated in a reference to bones in soup, or similar food, regarded as obstacles to swallowing.

In this form it is found as early as the fifteenth century. It does not occur in its present shape "to make bones" until a century later, but from this period on to the end of the seventeenth century it was in constant use.

"Gills," a slang term for the lower part of the face was used with much the same meaning by Ben Jonson, and by Lord Bacon. To "swop," that is to exchange or barter, is now an undeniably vulgar word, but it appears in the classic pages of the "Spectator," and is also to be found much earlier. "Tall," in the American sense of vain or braggart, is only a modification of the former generally accepted meaning of brave or bold.

But the list might be extended almost indefinitely, for the words and phrases given above are but examples of a very large class.

ALAS! it is not until time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the book of human life to light the fires of passion with from day to day, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number, and to remember, faintly at first, and then more clearly, that upon the early pages of that book was written a story of happy influence which he would fain read over again. Then comes listless irresolution, and the inevitable inaction of despair; or else the firm resolve to record upon the leaves that still remain a nobler history than the child's story with which the book began.

Grains of Gold.

Fear is the tax that conscience pays to guilt.

Our lives are measured by our works, not our years.

Everything good in man leans on what is higher.

"Pluck, Patience and Politeness" makes a pretty motto.

Educating the mind is like fertilizing and tilling the soil.

Watch, for the idleness of the soul approaches death.

He who makes a fool of himself, will find many to help him.

We think very few people sensible except those who are of our opinion.

Were every one to sweep before his own house, every street would be clean.

To have ideas is to gather flowers. To think is to weave them into garlands.

God is better served in resisting a temptation to evil than in many formal prayers.

It is difficult to divest one's self of vanity, because impossible to divest one's self of self-love.

There is no fit search after truth which does not, first of all, begin to live the truth which it knows.

To endeavor to work upon the vulgar with fine sense is like attempting to cut down trees with a razor.

The hypocrite shows the excellency of virtue by the necessity he thinks himself under of seeming to be virtuous.

Femininities.

The house showeth the owner.

In a good house all is quickly ready.

Twin sisters in Richmond, Va., have arranged to be married on the same day.

The craze for gold and silver handles for canes and umbrellas is beginning to lessen.

A pretty girl don't object to reflections on herself when they come from a looking-glass.

One tablespoonful, well heaped, granulated coffee A or best brown sugar weighs one ounce.

Once in a while let your husband have the last word; it will gratify him and be no particular loss to you.

At an English church wedding the other day the bridesmaids marched in with their bouquets tied to the ends of walking sticks.

Queen Margaret of Italy did her own Christmas shopping and went the rounds of the shops in Rome like the plainest of housewives.

La Tosca sticks are carried by courageous girls of fashion. They cost from $5 to $20, and their correct length is to the top of the shoulder.

If the eyes of a Turkish girl are not large enough for beauty the outer corners of the eye-lids are cut to make the eye the proper size.

A little girl of Poulan, Ga., raised enough peanuts and sugar cane to pay for 8½ acres of land, and she had enough money left to fence it with.

Very pretty is a piece of bric-a-brac in antique ivory, representing a rustic well, with the figures of a boy and girl sitting on the sides, throwing stones into the water.

A young lady who lately gave a milliner an order for a bonnet said: "You must make it plain but still attractive and smart, as I sit in a conspicuous place in church."

Ages will come and go, but woman will not be perfectly happy until she can have eyes attached to her shoulders, so that she can look up and criticise her own back hair.

A new role for women in London is that of serving writs. A pretty young woman there is said to find doors open to her which to nearly every other Sheriff's officer are shut fast.

Recognized him. Mrs Westend: "You appear to recognize that gentleman?" Mrs. Lakeside, of Chicago: "Yes, we used to be quite intimate. He was one of my earlier husbands."

A unique inkstand represents a silver toboggan rushing down hill, with the figure of a frightened girl clinging on for dear life. When the young lady is lifted from the toboggan an ink well is disclosed.

A Maine historian says that in old times the fine ladies of Eastport—then a very gay, flourishing town—used to acquire beautiful complexions by sleeping with their heads out of the windows in foggy weather.

Use the word "woman" whenever you can. She is a fine woman, a cultivated woman, or a clever woman is better than "lady." Still it is proper to say lady sometimes, as she is a "lady" in every relation of life.

Brown: "I see that the bustle is no longer worn." His wife: "Where did you see that, my dear?" Brown, meekly: "In the newspapers." His wife, sharply: "Well, when you see it in the street just let me know!"

Mr. Poote, to Mrs. Ham-Canvas, of Chicago: "You didn't stay in Paris long." Mrs. Ham-Canvas, with a sigh: "Not long. Just as I got to feel at home and like a genuine Parisite, Mr. Ham-Canvas had to go back home."

"My detective caught a woman stealing goods in the store this morning, Capias," said Tureads; "now what kind of a charge shall I make against her?" "Well, that depends," returned the cautious lawyer. "How was she dressed?"

A Gotham paper speaks of a fashionable lady whose parents are not possessed of wealth in proportion to her pretensions, who excused herself to a visitor for doing housework thus: "Mother and I do our own housework because it is so very romantic."

Steve: "Yes, poor Blivens does look melancholy, as you say. He still suffers from the consequences of an early love affair." Maud, instantly interested. "Oh, tell me, did the young lady die or prove false?" Steve: "Neither. She married him!"

Young housekeeper, to butcher: "You may send me some ducks, I think, to-day." Butcher: "Yes'm; canvas-backs, I suppose?" Y. H., who knows nothing about ducks: "Well—er—no, I guess not; they might be tough. Send plain ducks, without the canvas-backs."

Assistant, to young lady, who has purchased a pair of gold sleeve links for her fiancé: "Any initials, Miss?" Young lady: "I forgot; engrave the letter U—his first name." "Ah! may I ask if it is Uriah or Ulysses? Names with U are rare!" "No; his name is Eugene," was the proud reply.

Too confidential by half. Brown's fiancée: "Tell Mr. Brown that the flowers were far too expensive for me." Brown's man: "Oh, they're nothing. You ought to see the big bouquets that come to the house. I heard master say only yesterday, 'It'll be time to pay for them after the wedding.'"

Having danced till 3 in the morning, Miss Catharine Sewers, of Williamsburg, N. Y., stretched herself on a lounge and gave a yawn. She had never yawned such a yawn before, and hopes never to yawn that way again. They struck the alarm and hurried her off in an ambulance to a hospital. She had dislocated her jaw.

"I can only be a sister to you, George; nothing more." "I'm afraid that won't do, Miss Clara. I have five grown sisters, already, and, to tell you the truth, they are not very favorably disposed toward you; they think a match with you would be the mistake of my life." "In that case, George," said the girl, drawing herself up with haughty grace, "you may name the day."

Masculinities.

Hear instruction and be wise, and refuse it not.

Wherever the speech is corrupted the mind is also.

Principals are responsible for acts of their agents.

Without contentment there is no wealth, and with it no poverty.

Some that smile have in their heart, I fear, millions of mischief.

An angry man is again angry with himself when he returns to reason.

Silence is a figure of speech, unanswerable, short, cold, but terribly severe.

Drunkenness turns a man out of himself, and leaves a beast in his room.

What we need most is not so much to realize the ideal as to idealize the real.

The boy who has seen hard times usually grows up to be a sympathetic man.

A decent man will not swear, if for no other reason than that all vicious men do swear.

If men wish to be held in esteem, they must associate with those only who are estimable.

Jones: "Do you tell your wife where you spend your evenings?" Smith: "Yes, when I know."

The true test of a man's character is not his deportment in a crisis, but in the little everyday affairs of life.

If you want to take the starch all out of an enemy just do him a good turn when he is expecting an evil one.

There are few wild beasts more to be dreaded than a communicative man having nothing to communicate.

One Hamilton, aged 79, recently married his daughter's 18-year-old governess, in San Bernardino county, Cal.

He that believes himself to be the happiest man is about right, and he that thinks himself the most miserable don't miss it very far.

The man that has an open heart for distress and a gaping pocketbook for want is one of nature's noblemen, whether he wears a diamond or a wart on his finger.

Leap year is over, and there are several eligible young gentlemen who remain uncalled for. There seems to be no cure for them but to be marked down and set aside for 1892.

Tommy: "I wouldn't like to be the preacher's little boy." Aunt: "Why?" Tommy: "Oh, he's got hundreds and hundreds of slippers. They are scattered all over the house."

A novel present was made by a Florida young man to his best girl. His teeth being too close for beauty he had two of them extracted and mounted in gold, to be worn as ear-rings.

When a lady neglects to thank you for the seat which you surrender to her on the cars, do not be offended. Astonishment is the only feeling which can deprive a woman of words.

A social observer criticises what he calls the "stupid silence" of most Americans when dining in hotels and restaurants. "It looks," he says, "as though every one had been quarreling."

A buyer of goods should remember one thing when a merchant talks about "letting him in on a ground-floor price." There is often one floor below the ground floor, where the cellar comes in.

"Do you believe there is any such thing as luck?" asked a young man of an old bachelor. "I do. I've had proof of it." "In what way?" "I was refused by five girls when I was a young man."

The wise man who said, "Never allow yourself to get out of anything," never fell into a duck pond, struck a hornet's nest or got into jail. Like many another philosopher, he is an inexperienced innocent.

Frank Green, a Kentucky murderer, who had killed three men, was drowned the other day while escaping from officers. This would seem to damage the theory that a man born to be hanged would never be drowned.

Citizen, to physician: "I say, doctor, do you know anything about Brown's financial standing in the community? Is he prompt?" Physician: "Well, all I know is that I have been his family physician for seven years, and he's always paid me, and a man who will pay his doctor's bill will pay anything."

A European who recently returned from a tour of the States says that Americans are ultra polite. He declares that good breeding is carried to such an extent that a gentleman will not think of offering the seat he has been using to a lady who enters the cars and finds only standing space and a hand-strap at her disposal.

It seems that a new type of blindness has been developed at the United States recruiting office that is probably not necessarily peculiar to this region. It is that of having defective eyesight for about two weeks after a "spree." Nine out of ten men were refused permission to enter the ranks one day recently because they had this disease.

Druggist, playfully squirting some jockey club on Brown's coat: "There, Brown, you're a whole flower garden all by yourself." Brown, in alarm: "Great Scott! Man, do you know what you have done?" Druggist: "Nothing serious, I hope." Brown. "Serious? Why, you've saturated me with jockey club, and my wife never uses anything but heliotrope!"

When gold chains become dirty wash them well in a good lather, and use an old tooth brush to get into the crevices. When clean, and while still wet, put them into a bag of boxwood sawdust; let them lie for a couple of hours, and shake well on taking them out. The chains will look as bright as if they were new. If boxwood sawdust cannot be obtained, fresh bran may be substituted.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Edgar Saltus' new novel, "A Transaction in Hearts," forms the leading feature of *Lippincott's Magazine* for February. It is a study of the Rev. Mr. Gonfalion's love for his wife's sister. R. H. Stoddard continues his literary reminiscences with an interesting sketch of Nathanial Hawthorne. John Habberton's "At Last: Six Days in the Life of an Ex-Teacher" reaches its fifth instalment, and will appeal to all lovers of children. The ninth story in Tourgee's series, "With Gauge & Swallow," is entitled "Missionary Joe," and is a clever and ingenious bit of work. Miss Frances E. Wadleigh tells of her "Experiences as a Government Clerk," and "An Ex Editor" has a bright, shrewd, and humorous sketch entitled "The Days when I Went Journaling." The poems are contributed by Homer Greene, Helen Gray Cone, Mary Bradley, and M. P. The Monthly Gossip, Book-Talk, and Every Day's Record are excellent as usual.

"Christian Work Among the Cree Indians," is the title of the opening article in the February *Quiver*, and this is followed by "A Sermon on Salt," by the Rev. Michael Eastwood. A second installment of the interesting serial, Miss Hilary's Suitors, is given. Among other contributions are "God's Preventing Goodness," a pretty story entitled "Santa Claus at Clifton Cottage," "The Joy of Christ," a rather long poem, with illustration, called "On the Lake of Thun," by John Francis Waller; "The Seven Leaves of the Vine," by Bishop Alexander; "The End of an Old Romance," "To the Lions," a thrilling paper by Prof. Church; "St. Colombo's Cathedral, Londonderry," "Presbyterians in Council," by *Prof.* Blaikie; an illustrated paper on "Some Little Known Biblical Treasures," and a bundle of "Short Arrows" of more than usual interest. $1.50 a year. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

WISE SAYINGS BY A SAGE.—We know nothing, and yet it is knowing something to know that thou knowest nothing.

By a conceit, a certain red fly hath been called a lady-bird, and bidden to fly away home. The counsel is good, even to her who is neither bird nor fly. There is no place like home.

The weather-cock, working easily, can tell the way of the wind, but if the weather-cock sticks, the course of the wind will not be influenced thereby. Remember this.

Virtuous love is wholesome. Therefore be virtuous, to make thyself worthy of self-love. Not, of course, that thou art thereby prevented from loving somebody else.

Talk to thyself, and insist on a reply, yet not before the world, lest it think that nobody else will talk to thee.

A cat, even if she be friendly, never approaches thee by a direct course. No more does a truth, O friend; but winding round thy stupidities, and rubbing up against thy prejudices, it reaches thee gently, and then perhaps scratches.

A stitch in time saves nine. If therefore thou feelest one in thy side, be thankful, O friend.

Solomon knew several things, allowing for his age, but we all could teach him a few others.

THE POWER OF WORDS.—The power of words is illustrated by the following:

A wealthy man, who owns a country residence, recently became dissatisfied with it, and determined to have another. So he instructed a real estate agent famous for his descriptive powers to advertise it for private sale, but to conceal the location, telling purchasers to apply to his office.

In a few days the gentleman happened to see the advertisement, was pleased with the account of the place, showed it to his wife, and the two concluded it was just what they wanted, and they would secure it at once.

So he went to the office of the agent and told him that the place he had advertised was such a one as desired and he would purchase it. The agent burst into a laugh and told him that it was a description of his own house where he was then living.

He read the advertisement again, cogitated over the "grassy slopes," "beautiful vistas," "smooth lawns," &c., and broke out, "Is it possible? Well, make out my bill for advertising and expenses, for, by George! I wouldn't sell the place now for three times what it cost me."

REALISM.—The advocates of realism upon the stage may be interested to learn that so averse are the Italians to an uncomfortable ending to their plays that in Rome a day or two ago the smothering scene in "Othello" had to be left out. Othello gave way to a frenzy of jealously as he seized the fatal pillow; but upon Desdemona exclaiming, "I am innocent, miserable man!" he put it down again, and asked in mild tones, "Is that really true?" On receiving the lady's answer, "I swear it," he brought her down to the footlights, where instead of the music written for the scene, they sang a lively duet from Rossini's "Armida." The delighted audience saw nothing absurd in this ending, and the tragedy, with the tragedy left out, became a brilliant success.

THERE are few occasions in life in which we are more called upon to watch ourselves narrowly, and to resist the assaults of various temptations, than in conversation.

A HANDSOME complexion is one of the greatest charms a woman can possess. Poszoni's Complexion Powder gives it.

WANDERING SHEEP OF SPAIN.

The merino of which dress materials are made is woven from the wool of a sheep that once belonged to Spain, but is found now in other countries.

In Spain the sheep spent the summer in the pastures of the Pyrenees, and as winter drew near gradually migrated in October to the plains in the south, a journey of 400 miles.

They traveled in vast flocks of 10,000 each, under the care of fifty shepherds and as many dogs with a shepherd in chief at their head. Hence rose their name, the word "merino," meaning an overseer of the pasture land.

These enormous bands traveled without much trouble, for a few of the band were taught to obey certain signals, and being placed at the head of each flock, the rest of the sheep (as their manner is) simply copied whatever they did.

The flocks marched at the rate of twenty miles a day, except that they took it more leisurely when the country was open and the pasturage good and plentiful.

A right of free feeding prevailed throughout the kingdom with the result that the commons over which they passed were completely stripped, and the sheep of the district were half-starved for a while.

Besides, the land proprietors had to keep an open walk for them, and so their farming and enclosures were seriously interfered with.

The sheep knew when they had reached their journey's end, and they also know when—in April—they should set out for cooler hills, and off they start of their own accord.

Should any of them stray they are not pursued, for the shepherds are well aware that they will make their way to their old pastures; and sure enough when the flocks reach the hills there the stragglers are seen awaiting the arrival of their mates.

Spain, though it is the native country for the merino, does not send out one-fortieth of the wool that it once did. This is partly owing to the quality having been allowed to become inferior and partly owing to other countries having introduced the sheep and grown better wool.

AFFECTION.—If we have in our garden a choice plant, how carefully we tend it, how fearful we are lest it wither with too much heat, or be dwarfed by too much cold.

Even the rains of heaven, the dews, the sunshine are not sufficient, but we dig about it and train it; and with what satisfaction we watch the gradual unfolding of the tiny petals.

And yet this flower is a very insignificant thing compared with the germ of affection heaven has placed in the garden of the human heart, bidding us nourish it until it has expanded and blessed our homes and the world that lies beyond their thresholds.

If we fail to nourish it by unselfish acts and words of love, it will not thrive, and if it does not grow it will die.

Husbands and wives too often forget the little acts by which they won each other—forget that the chill winds of neglect will blight the tender blossoms of the heart; and so they pass on through life, never thinking what a holy thing it is to love—letting the weeds of ambition, avarice, pride and self choke all the olden tenderness away. Many a man neglects to perform some little office of affection, with, 'Oh, she's my wife now," as if she were less to his heart than the girl-love was.

I have heard a wife say, when reproved because she had treated her husband so indifferently, "Well, he is my husband now, and it don't make any difference if I don't waste my time in these little demonstrations."

Is it wasting time for those whom Heaven hath united till death show that they love each other? Affection is not a schoolboy impulse. It is something grand and noble, born in Heaven's own heart, and by its humanity must be saved.

In all the world there is not a more beautiful sight than that of an aged couple walking down the hillside of life, hand-in-hand, one, indeed, as they stood at the marriage-altar. To me it seems a holy radiance shining down on the clasped hands, bowed form and silver hair of these loving aged ones, who have left all the dross with the years behind them.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES!—In looking back upon the precedents afforded by our judicial records we are painfully shocked, and with abundant reason, at the terrible alacrity with which verdicts were pronounced, and that often upon evidence of the most absurd character, and which, in the present day, would be rejected with reprobation and contempt.

Thus, it is related, that, at an assize at Exeter, a poor old woman was arraigned as a witch. To the jury and judge the case was as clear as the sun. A neighbor swore that on a certain day she saw a black cat jump into the cottage window of the accused woman. Now, at that time the enemy of mankind was supposed to go about in the shape of a black cat.

The half crazed bewildered old woman could not take it upon herself to contradict the general creed—she agreed with it, and admitted that the cat was the devil. The inference, of course, was that she had dealings with the Evil One—that, in a word, she was a witch; and, in consequence of her own admission, she was convicted and hanged.

LET prayer be the key of the morning and the bolt of the evening.

A SORE THROAT is soon relieved by Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, an old remedy for Bronchial and Pulmonary disorders.

THOSE GOOD OLD TIMES.

They had rigid manners and homespun breeches,
In the good old times;
They hunted Indians and hung up witches,
In the good old times;
They toiled and moiled from sun to sun,
And they counted sinful all kinds of fun,
And they went to meeting armed with a gun,
In the good old times.

Yes, and they suffered year after year with painful, distressing diseases for which they knew no remedy. "Twenty years' Consumption" was one of them. Among the blessings of modern days, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery takes the highest rank as a cure for all Liver, Blood and Lung Diseases; as a consequence, it far outsells all other medicines of its class. Consumption is Scrofula affecting the lung tissues, according to all medical authorities, and for Scrofula in all its myriad manifestations no remedy has ever been found to equal the "Golden Medical Discovery." Hence, it has become famous as a remedy for Consumption. If afflicted, do not put off its use until too late. "Golden Medical Discovery" is the only Liver, Blood and Lung medicine ever sold, through druggists, under a positive guarantee of benefiting or curing in every case, or money refunded.

Copyright, 1886, by WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors.

$500 OFFERED for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head by the proprietors of DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, putrid and offensive; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness; offensive breath; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. Only 50 cents. Sold by druggists everywhere.

INSTANCES OF MONOMANIA.—Amongst the curious instances of monomania which have been lately known is that of a wealthy banker, who fancies that he is a ripe cherry that the birds are eager to pick. He has a terror of all fruit eating birds, and seldom walks or appears anywhere in the open air.

He makes his trips to and from his bank in a carriage, and keeps the doors and windows always shut, lest a sparrow should get in and swallow him.

He knows very well that the preposterous belief would damage him, and probably ruin him if it were generally known that he harbored it, so he conceals the consciousness of his fearful peril from his business associates, and contents himself with keeping carefully out of the way of birds.

A lady, well known in society, imagines that a big Newfoundland dog always accompanies her, walks when she walks, and stops when she stops. "I know perfectly well that it is not there," she says, "but I always see it, and that is what troubles me. When I go to bed it always lies down upon my feet."

There is a lady who has been a teacher for the last twelve years, and is still so employed, who imagines herself a wheelbarrow.

"I know I am not a wheelbarrow, of course," she says to her physician, "but that certainly makes no difference with the appearance, and my sensations. When in school, I am always a wheelbarrow, and my feet are the handles, and my head is the wheel, and I seem to be trundling myself down the forms and through the halls. It is ridiculous and painful and mortifying; but, though I know it is the result of a nervous disease, I cannot shake off the hallucination."

A well-known journalist and successful mesmerist gives the following opinion:

"Hallucinations are evidently closely akin to dreams. I can fill any one of my sensitives full of delusions in a minutes—can make him think he is Queen Victoria, Wellington, Washington or Grant, a pedlar, a opera singer, teacher of languages, a fowl, or a telegraph pole, and can banish the delusion in two seconds. Now it seems to me that this hallucination is exactly of the same kind as hallucinations in lunatics, or the dreams of those who sleep, the only difference being that the sleeper holds the key of dreamland, and the operator holds the key of the similar trance called mesmerism, while to the permanent trance called monomania the key is lost. I have wondered if it might not be possible to recover the lost key—to often waken the insane from their dreams as somnambulists and the mesmerized are wakened."

THEY do things nicely in China. A princess need not fear her mother-in-law's interference, as she is quite used to it;—in fact starts married life on the choice of that person rather than her husband. The Emperor of China has just had a wife selected for him. The Empress elect is a niece of her future mother-in-law, and she was selected out of 31 candidates, who were conveyed in carts to the palace, and, being ushered into the presence of the Empress-Dowager, were put into groups of four or five, and finally sifted to one or two. The young Emperor has had nothing to do with the choice of his future wife, leaving it all in the hands of his mother, so whatever domestic troubles come about in the future will be entirely owing to this lady, and no doubt will be visited upon her head with due punishment.

HE that will often put eternity and the world before him, and who will dare to look steadfastly at both of them, will find that the more often he contemplates them, the former will grow greater and the latter less.

HAPPY is the man who has that in his soul which acts upon the dejected as April airs upon violet roots. Gifts from the hand are silver and gold, but the heart gives that which neither silver nor gold can buy.

Humorous.

THE PROPER TIME.

"When is the proper time to wed?"
A maiden to her mother said.

"Is it when someone seeks my hand
Who for it offers gold and land;

"Or when a man of humble lot
Asks me to share his rustic cot;

"Or when perchance a man of fame
Would crown me with an honored name;

"Or when a noble of high degree,
Viscount or earl, comes wooing me?"

"Is it a man that you would wed,
Or rank and name?" the mother said.

"A title is a bauble; fame
Oft goes as quickly as it came.

"But little comfort lands and gold
Will yield one if the heart is cold.

"Yet happiness not always hides
Where honest poverty abides.

"The proper time to wed, my dear,
Is when the right man doth appear;

"And when he comes you'll know full well—
Your heart, and that alone, will tell."

—M. H.

Room for apprehension—A dentist's ante-chamber.

The average barber doesn't hesitate to scrape an acquaintance.

The people who never get right in this world are those who get left.

What is the difference between grand and comic opera?—At comic opera you ought to laugh, but can't; at grand opera you must not laugh but want to.

Mother: "Clair, we are going to have company for tea; now, be sure and do not ask twice for anything." Clair: "Then don't forget to help me twice."

Diner, to slow waiter: "Some roast beef, well done, potatoes and a glass of beer." Waiter: "Yes, sir; anything else, sir?" Diner: "Yes; I'd like it to-day."

"There is one thing that you can always buy at a drug store without being overcharged," sighed a victim of pharmaceutic extortion, "and that is a postage stamp."

Handsome flirt, to Bashful: "What would you do if a pretty girl came to you suddenly and kissed you?" Bashful, blushing to the roots of his hair: "I—I—should be—very much obliged to her."

"Say, old man, you ought to call on poosh Cholly. He's laid up with some eye trouble and the doctah says he has to wear spectacles for the west of his life. Just think—with two glasses—bah Jowve!"

A correspondent, who is always writing to know what to do in any emergency, wants to know what he should do if attacked by footpads in a dark alley. We should say that the proper thing would be to advertise for help.

Jones, who had left his house for a day's hunting, met a neighbor on a similar errand. "Good gracious!" said the latter; "you've forgotten your dog." "Yes, dear boy," replied Jones; "you see, whenever I take him along I always kill him."

Clara: "Mr. D'Ude proposes perfectly lovely. I do not believe I ever received a proposal that was so beautifully worded as I received from him last evening!" Laura: "Yes? He must have improved considerably then since the last time I refused him."

Lawyer, to witness: "You have known the prisoner a long time?" Witness: "Yes, sir." L.: "What is his reputation for truth and veracity?" W.: "Well, he won't tell the truth when a lie will do as well, and I'm a little doubtful about his veracity. And I think he'd as lief steal as not."

"Ah! my darling!" murmured J. Court Plaster, as they sat on a sofa in the softly lighted parlor, "'ou must forgive 'our ducky for what he said to little brother at the supper table, but little brother was naughty, 'ou know. What's the matter with Johnny lately, birdie, anyway?" Johnny: from behind the sofa: "He's all right."

Herbert: "Really, Miss Edith, I am very sorry I kissed you. I didn't think what I was doing. It is a sort of temporary insanity in our family." Miss Edith, pityingly: "If you ever feel any more such attacks coming on, you had better come here again, where your infirmity is known, and we will take care of you."

Materfamilias, wearily: "Well, I've got the children quieted down at last, and we shall have some peace. They have concluded to play school." Sounds of revelry and boisterous hilarity in the nursery. "Mercy on me! Flossie, Flossie! what's all that noise? You promised me only two minutes ago that you would play school!" Little Flossie: "Yes, mamma, we's playin' school. This is recess!"

Young doctor: "Yes, I expect that it will go pretty slow when I first open an office until I get started a little." Old doctor: "Well, you bet it will. Why, when I first hung out my shingle I sat in my office for three months and only had one case." Young doctor: "Whew! That was pretty tough, wasn't it? Only one case; and what was that a case of?" Old doctor: "A case of instruments."

UNPRECEDENTED success and still increasing sales attend Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. 25 cts.

SALVATION OIL is the best thing in the market for both man and beast. Price 25 cents.

THE WAY IT GOES.

A writer mentions in detail some of the sources of waste in a household, which explains why one family of the same size with another, and having an equal income, fails to make both ends meet, while the other is able to save something for a rainy day. Here are a few of the things mentioned:

Keeping stoves, grates, and furnaces crowded with fuel without reference to the temperature out-of-doors, or the amount or kind of work to be accomplished within.

The kitchen stove or range is greatly injured by being kept redhot. The cook and laundry help, and the house, is needlessly over-heated; food is burned, or cooked at too high a temperature; garments are scorched in the ironing; the tea-kettle, granite and iron-ware boil dry: and utensils of every kind need often to be repaired or replaced; water in the reservoir is allowed to get low, or boils, sending its steam through the house—all the fuel used in excess of what is necessary being an agent of destruction in addition to its first cost.

Another waste is in lighting more lamps and burners than is necessary for the cheerful illumination of the house, and neglecting to turn them down when not in use, and delay in substituting daylight for artificial light.

A great deal more soap than is necessary for cleanliness is allowed to dissolve in dish-water, to the injury of silver, china, and the hands; and pieces find their way into the slop-drain that should be saved for the boiling suds in the weekly wash.

Printed fabrics and colored stockings are injured in color by soap, freezing and sunshine.

Flannels shrink and lose their soft texture by being subjected to the same processes used in cleansing cotton goods.

Perishable articles of food are left to stand in a warm kitchen, which, perhaps, came directly from cold storage, and should have a small interval between that and the ice-box or cellar.

Meat, milk, fruit and vegetables are quickly sensitive to such treatment, and taint, sour, wilt, or, in the case of garden products, lose their crisp freshness, so that disappointment instead of satisfaction is many times the outcome of careful and generous marketing.

Neglecting to regularly and thoroughly cleanse crocks, jars, cans or other receptacles in which butter, bread, or any food is kept, is the origin of stale odors and flavors, and germs of mold that hasten decay and render what is in contact with them unfit for use.

Omitting to burn, bury or remove spoiled fruit, vegetables, or anything ruined by decomposition, is not only a source of wasteful injury to other things in their vicinity, but is also an element of danger to the health of the household, the vitiated air of cellar and storeroom reaching the living apartments through floors, registers, and apertures for pipes.

Diphtheria, typhoid fever and impaired vitality may come from no more mysterious source than this.

In extreme cold weather the habitual oversight of mother or mistress the last thing at night has saved many a plumber's bill and outlay from breakages and spoliation by Jack Frost.

SHAVING.—A volume might be written on the curiosities of shaving. Particularly interesting would be an historical inquiry into the origin of the custom of shaving the head. It was not until the fifth century that in Europe priests began to shave their crowns.

The Roman clergy then adopted the circular method, and shaved that small round spot on the top of the head which is known as the tonsure. In Scotland, however, the monks shaved the whole of the fore part of the head from ear to ear. In the Andaman Islands every man shaves his head, or rather, gets his wife to shave it for him.

Many other Orientals also go bald headed. We used to do so in the last century, and, by a strange piece of contrariness, we wore artificial wigs to cover our baldness. As for the Chinaman, his method of shaving is exactly opposed to that of the Roman monk.

He shaves all but a round patch, the hair of which grows long, and forms his pig tail. When the difficulty of shaving the head is borne in mind, the true strangeness of the custom becomes doubly apparent. It is hard to see the advantages of it; yet, in one form or other, and at one time or other, it has been practised in nearly every country.

PHILOSOPHIC.—When Jones was at the theatre the other evening he sat down by mistake on his neighbor's hat and reduced it to a hopeless mass of silk and pasteboard.

The owner was madder than half a dozen March hares.

"Well," calmly observed the culprit, "I was awkward, and no mistake! But," he added, with self-complacent pity, "when I think that it might have been mine it makes me fairly shudder."

MRS. TESSAU.—You don't know how much I am enjoying Prof. Watervliet's lectures on Herculaneum. So clear and concise, they're positive relations! Mrs. Rolly—Let me see—who was Herculaneum, my dear? Mrs. Tessau—I haven't quite made out yet, but he was either one of those Romanesques or a Gaul, or something of that kind. There's another lecture to-morrow afternoon."

WICKEDNESS OF THE STAGE.—For out-and-out wickedness, commend us to actors and actresses. One prominent actor, in the course of his dramatic career, is said to have committed 17000 murders.

He is also said to have been killed in battle, slain in a duel, poisoned, or fatally stabbed 9000 times; while another has been 3,100 times ruined, and 4,300 times falsely imprisoned, thanks to the treachery of the actors with whom he has associated; and a New York leading man has been divorced on 2 800 occasions.

These are sad facts; but actors are not always entirely bad. But he has also nobly befriended 1 800 miserable and deserted women, and, subsequently married about half of them.

The most distinguished protector of injured innocence is, however, one who has knocked down 1,480 scoundrels who endeavored to insult friendless ladies; he ensured the happiness of 1,300 deserving couples, often at the sacrifice of his own interests; he effected 2 100 reconciliations of misunderstood young men with stern parents; he save 430 persons from drowning, and 243 from being shot or assassinated; and on 640 separate occasions he underwent long sentences of undeserved imprisonment without a murmur.

On the other hand, a certain actress has been party to 1,760 cold-blooded murders; and Madame Sarah Bernhardt has the deaths of no fewer than 22,700 persons, chiefly of high rank and great influence, upon her conscience.

AUNT (severely): "As I glanced in the parlor, last evening I saw you with that young man's arm around you." Niece (calmly): "Yes, aunty; I was waiting for you to pass the door and see us. I don't forget how my last engagement came to nothing. Young men are slippery, nowadays, and one can't have too many witnesses."

No college student ever so far forgets himself as to refer to his fellow students as "boys;" they are all "men." But about twenty years after his graduation, when he meets his former companions at some college anniversary, he never gets tired of referring to them as "boys."

THERE is nothing makes a man suspect much, more than to know little; and therefore men should remedy suspicion by striving to know more, and not to keep their suspicions in smother.

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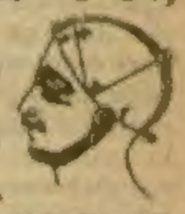
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Flowers are much used on ball gowns, and they are most naturally modeled, especially the orchids, hyacinths, and delicate heath. A number of butterflies of various tints are used by themselves and with the flowers.

The prettiest were either light blue or light peacn or a delicate gray, and quite new in their way. It is astonishing what an effect they produce. A blue tulle with these butterflies scattered about it was particularly pretty.

Tulle of a different color from the foundation may be made to produce an excellent effect, as seen in a pink satin, veiled with gray tulle, which in the front was put on single, and the back double, so that it seemed almost of different coloring, panels of the pink appearing between them.

Brocades blend well with tulle. A gray, for example, was intermixed with gray brocade, striped white, the bodice and panels and back being of the brocade.

The Empire dresses are altogether original. One, made in apple-green, was trimmed with handsome silver gimp and drop fringe; the skirt was plain and full, and, like all the dancing dresses, just rested on the ground; it opened in a straight line down the centre, showing a full front of crepe de Chine; with silver satin drops all over; the sleeves were ruffled on the arm, from the shoulder to the elbow, ending in silver trimming. In a yellow satin, after the period, the sash came almost under the arm, and long tassled ends tipped with silver fell to the feet.

The beauty of some of the brocades is beyond praise. One, with stripes of most delicately designed acacias in stripes, forming the front of a ball gown ruched at the hem, tulle forming the back, tucked, a style suited to slender figures.

The bodices are mostly laced at the back and pointed, and a garland of flowers carried down one side, and ribbon and tulle down the other; but there is much variety, each being specially suited to the wearer. The Empire styles are made in one with the skirt; yellow and white are the favorite combination with these.

Young girls who prefer serviceable materials for evening wear are having gowns of Oriental silk.

A new design had a front breath with insertion, and rows of narrow satin ribbon heading the insertion, a ruche formed of loops of narrow ribbon at the feet, the narrow ribbon trimming the low bodice. The groundwork was cream, the ribbon bright yellow. Silver disc tulle, in small quantities, however, is perhaps more fashionable than any other material.

Tea gowns have done more to place ugly and beautiful women on one level platform than any other plan ever contrived by hairdressers, milliner or maid. They have become an established feature in the wardrobe of every lady who pretends to follow fashion.

The leading features of these gowns are the loose fronts and redingote effects of the sides and back. The sleeves may be either loose fitting or bell shaped at the hand.

The collars may be high and close, or may extend half way around, meeting the front, which is shirred in a double row at the front of the neck. Some tea-gowns have demi-trains, the latter being the most popular for young ladies.

A particular pretty tea gown was made in prune plush, with a Directoire coat opening over a beautifully draped inner robe of white Triootin silk, held in a figure by a sash of the same.

Another was of very fine silk warp Henrietta cloth in a delicate shade of blue. The full length front is made of a deep flounce of lace, shirred into a narrow band that meets the sides of the collar.

There is a slight fulness at the waist in the Fedora style, the front being draped over a row of shirring which is concealed by a broad sash set in the sides just below the waist line and crossed on the front where it is tied with long loops and ends.

The sleeves are plain, and extend midway between the elbow and the waist, where they widen slightly and are filled in with a full puff of lace to match the front. Small bows of the ribbon are set on the sleeves at the edge of the lace.

A black silk tea-gown is not only very useful but very pretty. It should be plentifully trimmed with Valenciennes lace and scarlet ribbons.

Ribbons are used in great abundance for these gowns, and sometimes a whole piece being used for one gown. They are also using a heavy make of silk gauze for the fronts of these gowns in the place of Indian silks which have been in use so long.

One of the latest tea-gowns is an admirable mixture of two tones of violet, pale heliotrope crepe de chine, of the Neapolitan violet tint, and the darker ordinary violet.

This gown had cord carried across the front, caught up with branches of delicately perfumed violets.

Another tea-gown was a mixture of grenat and light pink.

Qu te new in idea was a vieux-rose thick silk, with cream and green pompadour stripes. The back hangs full and plain, save for two jelly-bag plaits at the back of the waist.

The bodice is most picturesque, having a large wired Elizabethan frill of lace starting from the side revers. The front is entirely composed of soft cream sicilienne, which falls in full unbroken folds from neck to feet, kept in their place by a loose girdle of the same, ending in bows of ribbon.

Single tulle is employed often over satin or some kindred fabric that is allowed to show its own beauties. Melon green is a favorite shade, and the tender tone of the lily leaf.

Some pretty green tulle ball gowns, just completed, are perhaps more of a true apple shade; the backs are tucked, so are the fronts of the skirts, but in different widths, with stiff rows of wild dog roses or apple blossoms carried up in perpendicular rows to the waist, while another has white winter roses nestling softly in the folds.

A yellow satin is an admirable example of how sparsely tulle is often now used.

The front showed the satin well-softened with just one layer of tulle; a thick ruche at the foot was interspersed with rose petals and large garlands of beautiful full-bloom roses were carried up the skirt, after the famous Tosca roses which Mme. Bernhardt has immortalized; at the back the tulle was tucked.

Quite a new departure is a melon-green satin rather dark in tone, veiled with black tucked tulle; a large sash at the back.

This shade in silk makes its way into ball rooms now without any tulle, and a stylish gown of the kind was striped, a wide sash of the silk at the side, the low bodice made full.

A specimen of the divided muff, more to be recommended on account of its originality than beauty or utility, may be seen in dark cloth, trimmed in narrow beaver. It resembles a long purse or a large cracker tied around the centre with a long ribbon, bow and ends.

The hands pass in at each end, and a silk cord passes around the neck to suspend the whole. Each end has a frill of the material lined with plush, and a band of fur or plush like a bracelet above it.

For a warm and yet smart little shoulder covering for cold evenings is the Carina jacket (a copy of one worn by a popular actress in the play of "Carina") in crimson plush, with gold fancy braid. It is short (in the Matador style) reaching only to waistband, sleeveless, and can be worn with thin silk, muslin or lace shirts.

It can also be worn over a low ball bodice when the wearer is at dinner or is in want of a smart light wrap. It looks well in black velvet.

Fringe has made its appearance once more in the realm of fashion, and it frequently edges the Vandyke redingotes and peplum fronts, and borders the classic draperies of Grecian "art" toilets.

Odds and Ends.

FOR WALL DECORATION.

Fashion, which rules most things, even the arrangement and furnishing of rooms, decrees that walls are to be much decorated with draperies, pictures, brackets and all sorts of curious and artistic articles.

The old fashion of having pairs of mirrors, jackets, etc., have quite gone out, and now the object aimed at in the arrangement of a room is to have no two things alike.

The decoration of walls is now carried to such an extent that in many cases the wall papers are scarcely visible between the various articles with which they are so profusely covered.

In large rooms, however, where there is much space to cover, it is not always easy to have the walls well filled and yet to attain that variety which is so charming.

For those who are clever with their paint brushes, there are many little fancy articles it is possible to ornament, some of which would help to fill up or brighten a dark corner.

Among the most important of these are certainly mirrors, which, when artistically done are peculiarly decorative.

I heard of one lately which was made to represent a lattice window. This was framed in wood work, and a design of the Virginia creeper was painted partly on the framework, and partly on the panes of glass, and when hung in a dark corner it reflected the light, and had quite the effect of another window, against which the red foliage of the creeper appeared to be growing.

Hand-painted tamborines have long been popular for wall decorations, but apart from artistic display, they have been useless.

Lately, however, tamborines have been used for wall pockets by painting a pretty face or floral design on the inside of a tamborine, and of course hanging it with that side, outwards, draping the lower portion with two soft silk handkerchiefs of contrasting colors, which are fastened to the rim of the instrument and being brought together and artistically looped in the centre, form a convenient receptacle for little odds and ends.

Banjos are now frequently painted, and suspended by colored ribbons; and I have also seen a pair of battledores having the parchments decorated with paintings, and the handles crossed and tied with bows of ribbon. These are very effective and do not require much skill, as the parchment is very easy to paint upon.

Prettily decorated bellows look well hanging at the side of the fireplace. They can be procured in plain wood, and painted according to taste. Bellows are also decorated with perforated cloth to be worked in different colored silks.

Very many articles which we daily see and as commonly ignore, can, if artistically treated be converted into very pretty and useful ornaments.

For instance, the little glass salad oil flasks which, when empty, are usually consigned to an untimely end in the dust bin, can be made into pretty flower-holders.

The first thing to be done is to put a thick gutta percha ring, such as are commonly used for umbrellas, round the neck of the flask as far down as it can be forced. The whole should then be rather thickly colored in oils as a groundwork, and a floral design is afterwards painted upon the body of the bottle; a colored ribbon is attached underneath the gutta-percha ring by which it is suspended from the wall.

I have seen one with a groundwork of peacock blue, upon which was painted a spray of orange-blossoms, and another with a fawn-colored groundwork was artistically decorated with a cluster of apple-blossoms. These bottles look very well on the wall holding a single flower and a few fern-leaves.

White porcelain slates are also frequently decorated with floral designs and hung on the wall, where they are useful for jotting down the engagements for the week, or any other memoranda. The wooden framework is sometimes covered with plush, and the pencil should be attached to a silk cord.

Sometimes a wooden palette is prettily painted and hung near the fireplace, where it is ready if required to act as a hand-screen.

Talking of handscreens reminds me of a pair which I saw some little time ago.

They were composed of round pieces of cardboard, both sides of which were entirely covered with feathers glued to the foundation, beginning on the outside edge, which were allowed to overlap slightly, until the whole cardboard was completely covered, the centre being finished off with a little tuft of down; an ivory handle was afterwards added.

GOOD AND BAD QUALITIES.—The want of positively good qualities is of less consequence than the presence of positively bad ones. The most fastidious will find no difficulty in enduring a man who is a little skilled in the nice formalities of the drawing-room and the dinner-table.

If such a man is unobtrusive, he will pass very well, though it is certainly desirable that all should be to a certain extent prepared to act according to those laws which the mass of refined society have found to be conducive to their happiness. But no man can expect to be much liked who is addicted to certain habits of a conspicuous kind, the direct tendency of which is to inspire painful feelings in those around him. Such a man must be insupportable.

THERE was some years ago a trial for murder in Ireland, where the evidence was so palpably insufficient that the judge stopped the case, and directed the jury to return a verdict of not guilty. A well-known lawyer, who desired, however, to do something for the fee he had received for the defence, claiming the privilege of addressing the court. "We'll hear you with pleasure, Mr. B." said the judge; "but, to prevent accidents, we'll first acquit the prisoner."

Confidential Correspondents.

H. LAYLOR.—You can clean your copper coins by rubbing them well with whiting.

CARDS.—The prefix "Miss" should always be used on a single lady's visiting card.

REFEREE.—The area of Philadelphia is 129¾ square miles; of New York City, 41½ square miles.

S. J.—It all depends on circumstances; a lady would never take a gentleman's arm unoffered, unless he was her husband or some near relation.

CARTER.—From what you say of the young woman she cannot be a nice companion for anyone; we should strongly advise you to drop her acquaintance at once.

A. B.—The turf or peat in formation at the present day is very young coal not yet buried. Coal is the residue of vast forests buried during an immense number of years.

NIBS L.—The word "bumptious" is generally used to describe boasting, self-sufficient persons; the vulgar fussiness which it indicates can hardly be described in any set terms.

L. A. G.—No young lady should interfere with another's future husband. Any man who permits the sister of his betrothed wife to correspond with him is hardly to be depended on.

JOHNNY.—The two games of chess and checkers are totally different, the only resemblance between them being that they are both played on a board divided into white and black squares.

LEICESTER.—Canvas is made waterproof by planning it in a solution containing twenty per cent. of soap, and then into a second solution containing the same percentage of sulphate of copper.

C. C.—The only way to "prevent" chilblains, that we know of, is to keep the parts warm that are liable to them. Warm gloves and socks should be worn and the circulation helped by tonics.

JENNIE, R. S.—Borax is largely used by laundresses in their starch; so is gum arabic; but long practice in shirt ironing does more to ensure perfection than anything that can be used in the starch.

OFFENBACH.—We keep no record of the time made by the different steamers across the Atlantic. Your best plan would be to apply for the information at the office of the company to which the ship belongs.

BROKEN HOE.—The young woman does not appear to be worth breaking your heart about; if you are a man you will forget all about her; there are plenty more in the world, and you may chance upon one who is sincere in your next venture.

EXACT.—"Ensilage" is green fodder preserved during the winter months; it is made by taking green fodder, cutting it into small pieces and preserving it from all contact with air until wanted to feed. The building it is preserved in is called a "silo."

ANNIE.—The word "valet" is pronounced in both ways, that is, with the final letter sounded, and with the final letter silent. This term comes to us from the French, in which language it signifies a groom or a yeoman; it was originally the same as "varlet."

J. H.—You cannot be very deeply in love with the young lady in question, or you would not think so badly of her as to fancy that she only loved you because of the presents you gave her. If you think that is the reason, leave off giving presents, and see if it makes any difference.

ALBERT W.—The area of timber in the United States is decreasing, while the consumption is increasing; it is for this reason that individual States have striven to encourage tree-planting by appointing a certain day in the year to be known as Arbor day for the voluntary planting of trees by the people.

INQUISITIVE.—You are certainly short; but it does not fall to the lot of everyone to be tall, and you may possibly grow yet. Be comforted by the knowledge that Nature often atones to those whom she stints of their fair proportions of thews and sinews, by giving them larger minds and brighter mental faculties than than their loftier neighbors. Let us hope she has dealt thus kindly with you.

E. P. L.—In addressing the English Queen it is perfectly legitimate, and indeed customary, to use the word "Madam," just as it is usual to address the Prince of Wales as "Sir." It is not, however, deemed permissible to apply the pronoun "you," or the possessive "yours," to the Queen; in these connections "your Majesty," or "your Majesty's," as the case may be, is used instead. Once, of course, a more ceremonious style of address was enacted; but the day for cumbrous formalities and abject servilities has gone by.

GUESS C.—Unless the young man's mind or eyesight is affected we see nothing particular in placing the fingers of his left hand over his left eye, as you describe. We cannot understand how it possibly could be construed into an an insult, or anything else save a foolish and thoughtless action. It certainly is not common for sensible young men to so disport themselves in ladies' company, but as he is evidently wanting in some respects, you had better overlook the act and the youth, letting both go for the future unregarded.

REGRETFUL.—You can do nothing but wait. If the young gentleman cares for you, you will soon find it out; if not, you can do nothing. Ladies wait to be wooed,—care for them or not. You have no doubt acted somewhat imprudently in sending the letter to a gentleman with whom your acquaintance was so slight; the best thing for you to do is to take no further notice of the matter; do not give the young man the least reason to think you forward, or you will lose all chance of captivating him. Men are ready to flirt with forward girls, and amuse themselves with them, but they do not chose their wives from their ranks.

AURORA.—The origin of the appellation "Reines Blanches" or "White Queens" appears to be the following fact. In the old times the French queens dowagers used to wear white for mourning, which procured them this pretty name. But a change of custom was inaugurated by Anne of Bretange (1513), the unwilling wife of Charles VIII., who desiring to add her hereditary possessions to his own, wooed her sword in hand. Queen Anne survived him (and was afterwards married to Louis XII.), and as a widow she departed from the established custom which obtained in reference to royal and queenly widows, and wore black instead of white.